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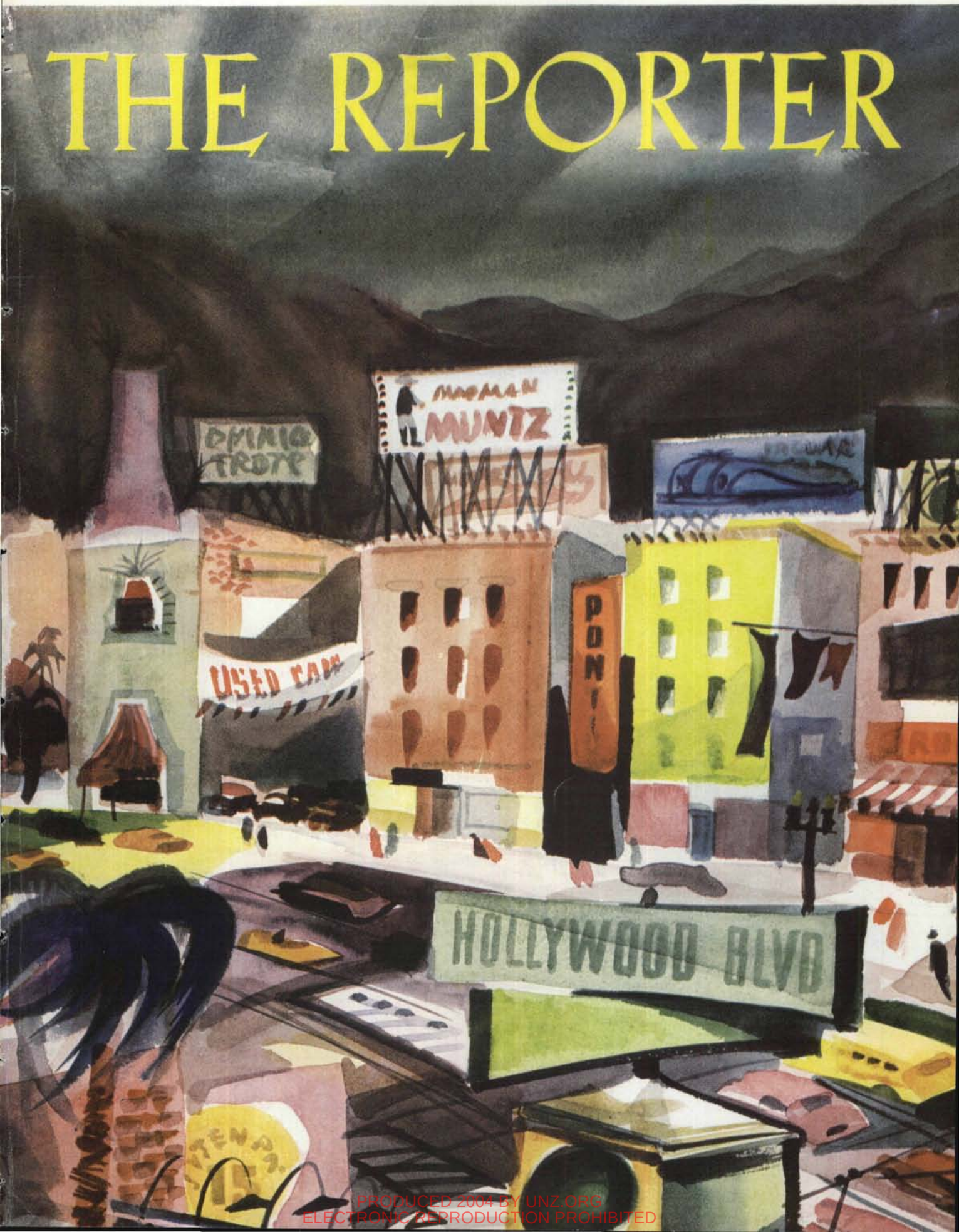
California's Governor Knight: Balance of G.O.P. Power?

THE REPORTER



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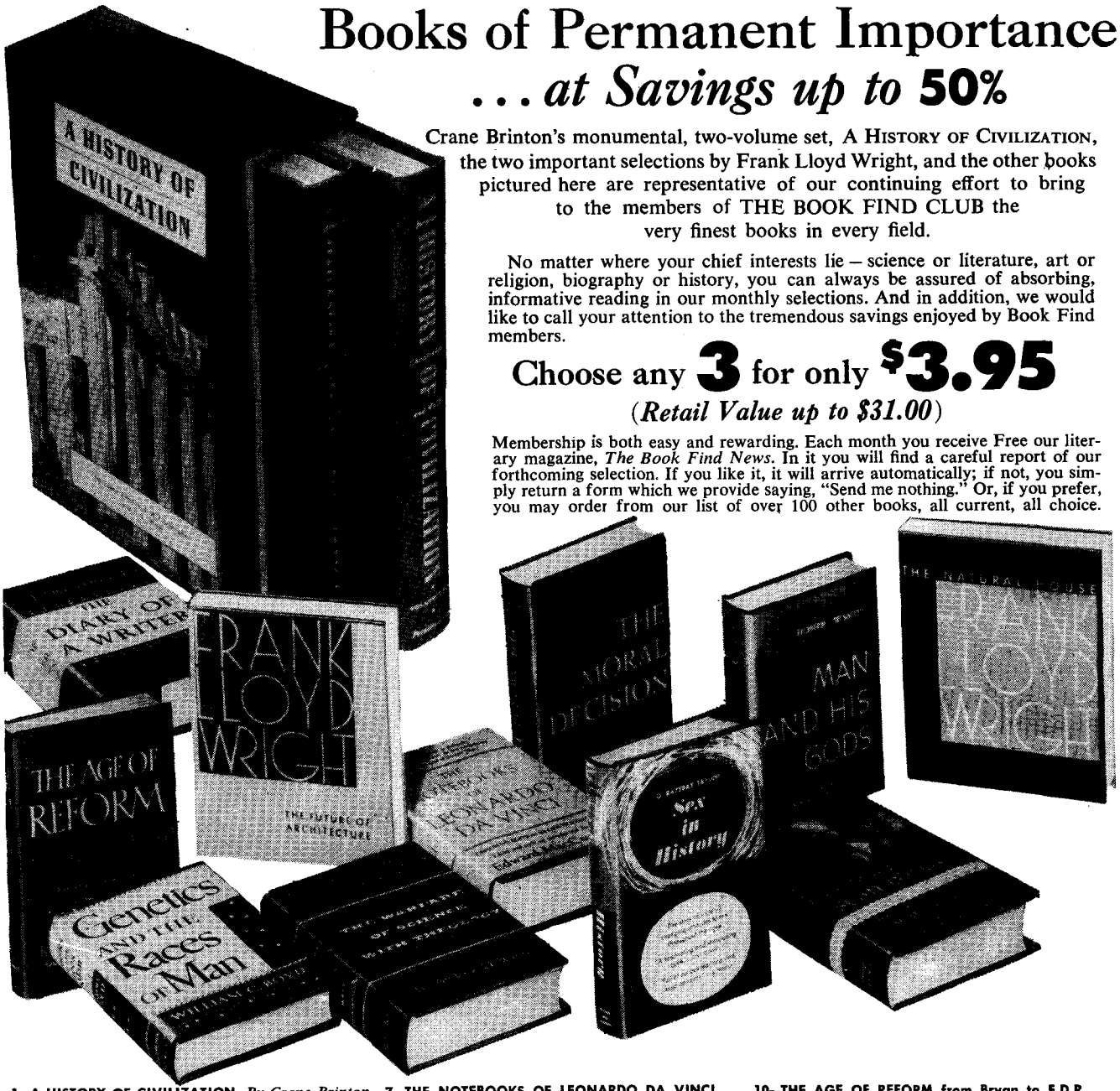

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

For a Sound Currency

We heard that the Declaration of Washington by Eisenhower and Eden was wonderful, and we might have thought so too, except that we read it.

The tone of that document is a stuffy, and maybe even a little petulant, self-congratulation: "These beliefs of ours are far more than theory or doctrine. They have been translated into the actual conduct of our policy . . ."; "Thus the reality and effectiveness of what we have done is a proof of our sincerity"; ". . . we have not sought nor desired extension of either economic or political power"; ". . . we shall help ourselves and others to peace, freedom and social progress . . ."

The language in which these satisfied affirmations are set forth is charterese, a rehash of the same stuff from which the precursors it lists were made. Where the Atlantic Charter spoke of the crushing burden of armaments, self-government, and a better future, the Declaration speaks of the burden and terror of modern weapons, self-government, and a glorious future. Where the United Nations Charter spoke of fundamental human rights, the dignity and worth of the human person, and better standards of life in a larger freedom, the new edition speaks of inherent rights of man, the state's existing for the benefit of the individual, and full opportunity to pursue happiness and fulfill highest destiny. Where the Pacific Charter says "earnestly strive" the new job says "eagerly grasp."

The Potomac Charter, a forgotten statement by Eisenhower and Churchill now promoted to this august company of documents, looked for a "just and fair peace"; the new Declaration of Washington seeks a "just and lasting peace."

These somewhat fatigued phrases suggest the presence, along with an American expert on copybook maxims, of an eminent British statesman once said to be a master in the formulation of commonplaces.

Time magazine confirms the suspicion: ". . . the idea of the Washington Declaration was Eden's. He brought the basic draft with him . . ." But the best newspapers in Britain were strong in their criticism of the Declaration; the same could hardly be said of the best American papers, which joined in a chorus of praise. *Time* has an explanation: The temper of the press and politicians in Britain "deplores the expression of principle in politics"; Eden, "although a man of principle, . . . cannot speak that language in the House of Commons. It is not done . . . The Washington Declaration gave Eden and Britain a chance to break through the inhibition of the antimoralists and speak with their own voice." Unable to use his platitudes at home, apparently, Eden came on a sort of reverse Lend-Lease to dump them here, where they would be treated kindly.

THERE is one note that is new in this Declaration—new to the Charters, but certainly not to the commonplaces: It is the mention of God.

Our professed belief in Him appears twice, in the opening and closing paragraphs, in bluntly two-sided formulations like this one in the first sentence: "We are conscious that in this year 1956 there still rages the age-old struggle between those who believe that man has his origin and his destiny in God and those who treat man as if he were designed merely to serve a state machine." It seems that there is not much room for other and different concepts of man's destiny and his political obligations.

On one side are the "believers in God," on the other the treaters of men. This is somewhat frightening, considering that the believers may sometimes forget to act on their belief, while the "treaters" are full-time, unrelenting doers.

The Communists (". . . those who assert the supremacy of the state . . .") use a deadly dull and repetitious lexicon, dividing the world into "peace-loving" and "warmongering." They deliberately befog and debase such words as peace, democracy, and freedom. They know what they are doing. The same cannot be said—we feel sure—of our own leaders. They do not know what they are doing when they keep the printing presses rolling out these Charters or papers, which are supposed to be backed by truly sacred ideas.

Lenin, at the beginning of the Russian Revolution, said that his monetary program was to debauch the ruble, and his successors have done just that with the spiritual currency of the West. Is inflation—the constant reissue of certificates of virtue—the best answer our leaders have found to the Communist counterfeiters?

Borderline Cases

Early in 1953, the newly installed Republican Administration was adding up the jobs it could dispense. Representative Daniel A. Reed (R., New York), Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, indicated a strong desire to have his friend and local county chairman, Joseph Rubenstein, appointed to the International Boundary Commission (IBC), the U.S.-Canadian agency that looks after the boundaries and does survey work. The commissionership carries a salary of $11,800.

Simultaneously, Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, a Taft adherent whom the Eisenhower Republicans wished to court, sought to get for a friend of his, Chicago attorney Samuel L. Golan, a $10,600

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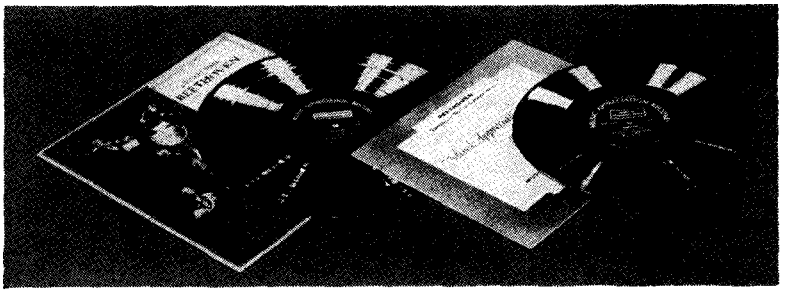

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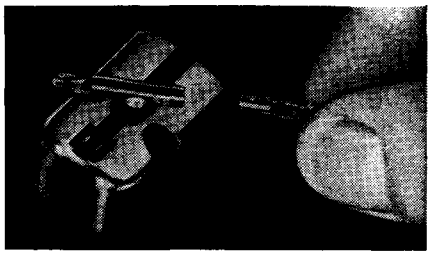

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post on the International Joint Commission (IJC), the agency that has control over the boundary waters lying between the United States and Canada.

The IBC post was an engineering job, the IJC job strictly legal work. But the patronage dispenser in the Republican National Committee somehow got the two agencies confused. Golan, the Chicago lawyer, was given the engineering assignment. Rubenstein, Congressman Reed's protégé, got nothing.

Golan's appointment clearly violated our 1925 treaty with Canada, which specifies that the IBC commissioner must be "an expert geographer and surveyor." The treaty also specifies that the U.S. commissioner can only be replaced "upon the death, resignation, or other disability" of the incumbent. But John A. Ulinski, a Democratic appointee, took his firing with good grace and went home to Buffalo, where he managed the campaign for the Democratic candidate for mayor, who then defeated the Republican incumbent.

The score so far: one treaty violated, one Republican mayor defeated, one Republican committee chairman incensed.

CHAPTER 2: The IJC post—the legal one—was still held by a Democrat, the eighty-seven-year-old former Senator from Kentucky, A. O. Stanley. In June, 1954, the Republicans fired him and named in his place Len B. Jordan, whose term as governor of Idaho was due to expire that year and who was ineligible to succeed himself. G.O.P. strategists hoped to keep Jordan out of a primary fight with Senator Henry C. Dworshak.

The White House announced that Jordan would serve out his final six months as governor and at the same time be an IJC commissioner without pay. Nobody remembered that this violated Executive Order No. 9 issued by President Grant in 1873, which specifically enjoins Federal employees from holding state offices. There was an uproar on Capitol Hill, all the more lively because several Democratic Members of Congress, including Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York, were alarmed by the appointment of an ardent private-power advocate to a position in which he might impede the power development on the St. Lawrence. Chagrined, the White House had to withdraw Jordan's appointment and hold the post vacant six months until he could properly assume his Federal duties.

CHAPTER 3: Meanwhile, Chairman Reed, still rankling over his earlier rebuff, was pushing his friend Rubenstein for a Federal judgeship in the western New York district, where the incumbent was in ill health. But when he died last summer, the New York State Republican organization supported Assemblyman Justin C. Morgan. Late in January the White House nominated Morgan to fill the vacancy.

Reed, never a man to pursue moderation in such matters, promptly sat down and issued a one-sentence statement to the press: "I consider the failure to appoint the best man for the judgeship in New York a miscarriage of justice based upon racial discrimination and bigotry for which the Republican state leadership is solely responsible."

"He [Reed] couldn't have been talking about me," said Republican Senator Irving M. Ives, never before particularly bashful about claiming party leadership in his state.

Reed's statement, coming from one of its own leaders, was less than soothing to the party currently considering how to defeat Democratic Senator Lehman.

"Oh, Lord, this is terrible!" one G.O.P. leader remarked to a reporter.

"That does it," said another.

THE RIOTERS

Our children twenty years from now will say,
Why did they do that to Miss Lucy then?
And you will say you were not there that day;
That was another time, with other men.

—SEC

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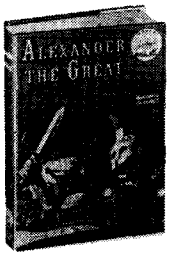

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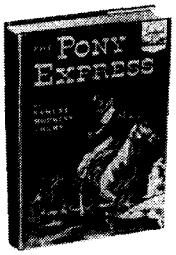

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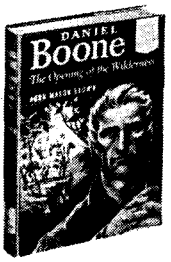

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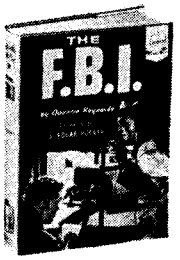

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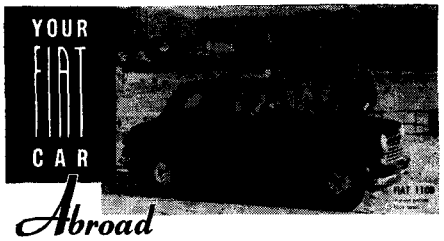

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ERIC SEVAREID

All who read as they run are by now aware that one deep fissure, or fault, endangers the American prosperity structure, which looks so solid on the surface; they know that farmers generally are suffering a recession. But it is not yet widely recognized that there is a second fissure in the structural foundation. That is the condition of American small business, defined as those concerns with less than a quarter of a million dollars in assets. In net figures, they are not disappearing as small farms are disappearing, but neither are they growing in number as the economy grows, and the number of small-business failures has risen to levels that alarm some observers.

While the press gives page 1 spreads to the profit margins of the giant concerns and their expansion plans, little is said about the present or the future where small business is concerned. But the information is there for anybody willing to look trouble in the face in these days of mass hypnotic belief that there is no trouble.

One so willing is the director of the Public Affairs Institute, who bases his argument on the uncontroverted figures of Dun & Bradstreet, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Securities and Exchange Commission. For one thing, net growth in the number of business firms stopped in 1953, after growing by 200,000 new concerns in the previous four-year period. Furthermore, the profit margin of small businesses has not only stopped growing, it has sharply dropped, while that of big business has continued to grow. For example, the smallest size group of manufacturers last year suffered a tremendous sixty-six per cent drop in profit after taxes, compared with three years before; funds available for reinvestment or expansion tell the same kind of story—a forty per cent drop.

The story on small-business failures is quite a tale; the chapter on firms that handle wearing apparel, for example. The number of retail failures there increased last year by seven per cent over the year before; the number of wholesale failures increased by thirty-six per cent.

In a report earlier this month, the Senate Small Business Committee reached essentially the same troubled conclusions—unanimously. What deeply troubles them, they said, is that there simply is no evidence that the American small businessman is going to be able to hold his ground, shaky as it is, in the future. They find a direct ratio not only between size and success but between size and survival.

There seems much agreement that what chiefly is choking small business is heavy taxation plus lack of credit. Big business can arrange big, long-term loans; any workingman can buy a house, car, furniture, or what not for about ten per cent down and three years to pay. But, a small businessman in Los Angeles writes me, what about the modest retailer, jobber, wholesaler, or service man? He has to pay more for rent, labor, supplies, insurance, and taxes, yet his credit situation hasn't changed at all; he still has to pay for his goods in thirty to sixty days. If he applies for extra help to the Federal Small Business Administration, what happens? Well, as the Public Affairs Institute points out, the SBA has received about eleven thousand inquiries a month and has granted fewer than four hundred direct loans in two long years.

So far, hardly a whisper of concern has been voiced by the Administration over the profound social fact that the big get bigger while the small get smaller—a fact, concludes the Senate committee, that will ultimately change the fundamental character of the American economy, perhaps beyond easy recognition by the present generation.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

REBUTTAL FROM HAWAII

To the Editor: Mr. Woodyatt's article on Hawaii ("When Coconuts Dropped on the G.O.P.," *The Reporter*, December 1, 1955) gives a stereotyped description of a tropical colony under the "complete control of the big-company, big-landowning white man" where reactionary Republicans are "devoted to the political and social precepts of President William McKinley," where citizens of Oriental origin who work for the "big companies" are able to "rise so far and no farther," and where "hatred and fear" of labor causes the G.O.P., during election campaigns, to use the "tactic" of playing on the alleged link between the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union and the Communist Party. The article was prompted by the 1954 elections in which Democratic candidates, many of Asiatic ancestry, won a majority in the legislature for the first time, thereby ushering in "a new revolution" based on Hawaii's "discovering the New Deal" twenty-two years after the rest of the country. And, since Hawaii might now send Democrats to Congress if she were to achieve statehood, the business community's views on statehood "appear greatly altered."

Those who care to understand Hawaii might well review these superstitions in the light of the following:

¶ Hawaii is unique in the world's history of dependencies in that it has never been tainted by "colonialism." Foreign capital played no role in its early development; Hawaiian investments abroad far exceed outside investments here. Such concentration of landownership as exists is primarily the product of Hawaii's having been a monarchy; the biggest estate is an eleemosynary trust with all proceeds dedicated to education; and close to half of all sugar-plantation land is leased from nearly three hundred lessors. "Big business" in this billion-dollar economy is a symbol rather than a fact; of more than eight thousand firms, only three have as many as 1,500 employees.

¶ Hawaii "discovered the New Deal" long before most mainland jurisdictions. In the fields of labor, public health, land use, economic planning, and many other areas, Hawaii has led rather than lagged by comparison with mainland states.

¶ The assimilation of diverse racial groups into a cosmopolitan society has progressed faster and further in Hawaii than in probably any other part of the world. True, there is a remnant of racial stratification in business, where assimilation tends to follow rather than lead social assimilation, but isn't criticism of this by a mainlander a little out of place?

¶ The "ILWU-Communist" issue in local elections, rather than being trumped up, seems to be recognized by the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who recently said, after a visit here: "I not only told the island Democrats to quit playing footsie with the Communists, I also said that there is no room whatsoever in the Demo-

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I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

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cratic Party for Communists or Communist sympathizers."

¶ Statehood has never been a party issue *in Hawaii.* Basic to the desire for statehood is the old-fashioned thought that taxation without representation is abhorrent (we pay more Federal taxes than at least nine states) and that Presidential appointment of our governor and judges constitutes second-class citizenship when nothing about our education, social institutions, or political maturity justifies such discrimination. Also, since we are a Territory, Congress can impose restrictions on us that could not be imposed in a state—such as the restrictive limitation on sugar refining in the islands.

Proper interpretation of events requires a solid grounding in facts. The author, analyzing the Fourth District election, states that all Republican candidates were *haoles* (white men), that the Democrats put up only non-*haoles*, and that none of the Democratic candidates were employed by large companies.

With all these "facts" wrong, misinterpretation comes easy.

THOMAS K. HITCH
RICHARD BEAUMONT
Hawaii Employers Council
Honolulu

'BUY BERLIN TRADELIFT'

To the Editor: William H. Draper, Jr., has made an important proposal in recommending a "Buy Berlin Tradelift" ("The New Battle of Berlin," *The Reporter*, February 9). This is at once a constructive plan for countering Soviet moves in Berlin and a trade program with genuine promise of mutual benefit.

I shall be going to Berlin shortly in my capacity as chairman of the International Rescue Committee, and I plan to take the article with me to discuss with friends there. As an economist advising American business concerns, I have no hesitancy in urging our business community to consider seriously Mr. Draper's proposal.

LEO CHERNE
Executive Director
The Research Institute of America, Inc.
New York

DISSENT ON DANIEL WEBSTER

To the Editor: I agree with Gouverneur Paulding ("A Chronicle of Our Great Dissenters," *The Reporter*, January 26) that the courage of our great dissenters is a subject in need of an author, and I am glad that the mantle has fallen on our Senator Kennedy, whose stature may make him one day the fitting subject for such a book. Moreover, I believe, as Kennedy does, that it is the courage to risk fame and fortune for a principle, rather than posterity's verdict upon that principle, which commands respect. For that reason I respect Senator Taft, with whom I disagreed about practically everything.

There is one man, however, whose right to be included in "Profiles of Courage" I contest, and that is Daniel Webster. While Kennedy sees, as Emerson did, that Webster's moral sensibilities lagged far behind his intellectual faculties, he fails, I think, to see that it was Webster's ethical obtuse-

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ness which so clouded his vision that he was prompted to support the Fugitive Slave Law. When he gave slavery, which he had himself described as a moral and political evil, the go-ahead signal, he had drugged his conscience into a sleep from which it never awakened.

If he acted, as Kennedy thinks he did, from a desire to save the Union, it was because he regarded that Union as a piece of real estate from which, as from Webster, "the soul had fled."

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD
Hingham, Massachusetts

STRAUSS AND THE ATOM

To the Editor: I have just finished reading John Lear's article "Ike and the Peaceful Atom" in the January 12 issue of *The Reporter*. Since until very recently I was an assistant to Lewis Strauss, and was so engaged during the entire time covered by the article, I feel I must object to Mr. Lear's many misstatements of fact.

Mr. Lear chooses to adopt the premise that Mr. Strauss originally was opposed to the concept of an "atomic bank." Nothing could be farther from the truth. The basic idea of such an international project was developed by Mr. Strauss in the autumn of 1953, and he thereafter drew up plans for its implementation. Mr. C. D. Jackson's role in the preparation of the President's December, 1953, speech was that of editor and draftsman. I am sure Mr. Jackson will confirm the fact of Mr. Strauss's major role in the inception and working out of the atomic bank proposal.

Mr. Lear rather grudgingly acknowledges that the Conference on the Peaceful Atom in Geneva last August was held at the instance of Mr. Strauss, but he goes on to allege that, had Mr. Strauss had his way, no discussion of atomic power would have been permitted at the Conference and that "that left nothing new for the scientists to talk about and nothing to be done beyond pompous posturing."

This statement is patently absurd. I know of no one who has less patience with "pompous posturing" than Mr. Strauss, and he, more than any other individual in our government, was aware of the world's desire and need for knowledge in the field of atomic power.

There was never any question of atomic power being omitted from the Conference agenda, and it was obvious from the first that this subject would dominate the Geneva meeting.

When the Atomic Energy Commission, in February and March of 1955, began its studies on revision and liberalization of the tripartite Declassification Guide under provisions of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, its work was guided by the knowledge that atomic power would be one of the major topics before the Geneva Conference. That was six months before the Conference convened.

Mr. Lear's reporting of matters of which I have knowledge is so inaccurate and biased that I can only assume the rest of the article is equally unreliable as to fact.

JOHN MACKENZIE, JR.
New York

Mr. Lear replies:

Lewis Strauss told me that if anyone else but himself were credited with originating Atoms for Peace, "I'd probably get mad." His assistant not surprisingly shares this reaction. C. D. Jackson and James Hagerty both told me that Eisenhower himself originated Atoms for Peace and that Strauss "pointed out the objections." If raising objections doesn't constitute opposition, it hardly connotes willing support, let alone eager initiative.

While it is true that Strauss did originate the Atoms for Peace Conference at Geneva, the *concept* of even that meeting was first advanced by I. I. Rabi, successor to J. Robert Oppenheimer as chairman of the Scientific Advisory Board of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Mr. Mackenzie is correct in saying that the tripartite Declassification Guides were liberalized before the Geneva meeting. The revision was made in October, 1954, and that fact came in mighty handy when Strauss finally saw at Geneva that he had to outgive the Russians from day to day, even from hour to hour. The point at issue, however, is that the revision proves nothing about Strauss's pre-Geneva attitude toward A-power secrecy, because the Guides affected release of information in the United States, Canada, and Britain only. They offered nothing to the other countries gathered at Geneva.

As a matter of fact, I asked Strauss if the revision of the Guides marked the real beginning of the subsequent flood of information at Geneva. He replied: "No. The revision was a periodic chore; it had nothing to do with Geneva."

The evidence of Strauss's long and determined opposition to any discussion of A-power at Geneva is overwhelming. His attitude was so adamant that it worried his aides, who feared the Russians would jump the gun on him and make the United States look like the real proponent of an Iron Curtain. On at least four occasions in the period immediately preceding Geneva, more than one of his advisers urged him not to insist on maintaining A-power secrecy.

It is inconceivable to me that if from the start Strauss had wanted A-power to be discussed, he would have allowed his position to remain undisclosed in the several U.N. debates on the issue, because those debates harmed the United States in world opinion. Although Strauss can be blindly obstinate, he is too genuinely patriotic to have allowed his country to be hurt if he could have prevented the hurt merely by stating a personal conviction.

Finally, it is obvious that Sir John Cockcroft, as president of the European Atomic Energy Society, would not have signed a letter calling for inclusion of A-power on the Geneva agenda if Strauss already had put A-power on the agenda. And the letter certainly would not have been cosigned by Dr. Gunnar Randers, executive vice-president of the European Atomic Energy Society, who, in his other capacity as personal adviser on atomic energy to U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld, would certainly have known the score.

JOHN LEAR
New York

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AS WE TURN to consider the Republican side of the campaign we are faced with the fact that just now there are no Republican candidates for the Presidency other than the President himself—who has not yet told us whether he is a candidate or not. For the time being we must be content with looking at people who consider themselves or are considered by others as Vice-Presidential material. Mrs. Luce is one of these. Representative Albert P. Morano (R., Connecticut) has suggested her candidacy to Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, in the following terms: "Perhaps the time now has come when American womanhood should be recognized by nominating one of the most brilliant and capable members of the female sex for the second highest office in the land." In this issue we examine Mrs. Luce's qualifications on the basis of her performance as U.S. Ambassador to Italy—a record that has received nothing but the highest praise in the American press. **Claire Sterling** and **Max Ascoli** have made their own survey. Both are in a position to speak with some authority about the Italian political scene: Mrs. Sterling, our Mediterranean correspondent, has been writing from Rome for years; Max Ascoli is an old hand in Italian affairs, of course. He lived in Italy for thirty-three years, and his distate for Mussolini, amply reciprocated, brought him here.

For the first time in our coverage of the campaign we enter California, a state where, as Adlai Stevenson recently remarked, "at least one Vice-President, one Senator, and one governor are all ready to save civilization—and as far as I can see they are mostly ready to save it from one another." The article on Governor Knight, who is infinitely available and who is also like a movie or TV screen ready to reflect what others project upon him, is by **Hale Champion,** who writes for the San Francisco *Chronicle.*

Isaac Deutscher's article on Russian economic progress does not make particularly pleasant reading. There seems no doubt that Russia's industrial and economic power is growing very rapidly. But we do not believe that the totalitarian type of economy is depressionproof; for a long time we have suspected that the Russians' purges are the Communist equivalents of depressions—their way of registering miscalculations. One advantage of the present Russian collective leadership may be that the leaders have found it a means to share the risks of miscalculation. Mr. Deutscher, who contributes regularly to *The Reporter,* is an internationally known historian and the author of *Prophet Armed: Trotsky.*

Paul Moor's report on the new German Army is on the whole reassuring: It shows that large sections of German public opinion are thoroughly alerted to the dangers of a new militarism, and that the men in charge of building up the German Army are already adept in the technique of snafus. It should not be forgotten that "snafu" is a military term. Mr. Moor, photographer and writer, has contributed to the *New Yorker* and *Holiday.*

FOLLOWING a series of articles on American education, we now present a sort of intermezzo: **Hannah Lees's** report does not discuss the problem of what education should be; it tells what it is, in a representative high school in an Eastern state. Miss Lees is a free-lance writer.

Eric Hoffer, longshoreman and seasonal agricultural worker, is the author of *The True Believer* and, more recently, *The Passionate State of Mind.*

Mark Van Doren's "An Irish Holiday" is the second article in a series of three in which Mr. Van Doren tells about his travels abroad last summer.

Harold R. Isaacs is the author of *No Peace for Asia* and *Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution.*

Our cover is an impression of Hollywood by **Tack Shigaki.**

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The subject of treason has always been a fascinating one to read about, and it becomes even more so in an age when one man, by betraying his country, could conceivably help bring about the destruction of the entire world.

In his new novel, "Mr. Hamish Gleave," Richard Llewellyn, the author of "How Green Was My Valley," has drawn a thought-provoking, full-scale portrait of a traitor.

Suggested by the recent MacLean-Burgess case, "Mr. Hamish Gleave" tells the story of a British Foreign Office official who turns over to the Russians state secrets of his country.

Hamish Gleave is motivated neither by an idealistic desire to save the world, nor by ideological conviction, but instead acts out of a purely selfish desire to live more comfortably. As a result, his decision, although it does not bear the author's approbation, becomes terribly understandable.

In addition to being the study of a traitor, "Mr. Hamish Gleave" is also a revealing picture, reminiscent of J. P. Marquand at his best, of the life of an upper-class Civil Servant in the Welfare State.

But even more it is a fine suspense story, one in which the reader finds himself intimately involved as Hamish Gleave is caught up in a tide of events which carries him steadily on to his final decision.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Mr. Hamish Gleave" $3.95, by Richard Llewellyn, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the Old Corner at 50 Bromfield in Boston.

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The Lady Of Villa Taverna

CLAIRE STERLING and MAX ASCOLI

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, U.S. ambassador to Italy for three years, will soon be coming home. She will be returning with the glow of success that usually surrounds this remarkable woman to face a public that has heard more about her than any ambassador in recent American history. She has frequently complained, during these three years, that Americans have been told too much about her and not enough, that she has been written about almost always as a woman, rarely as a serious diplomat. Since it is on her record as a diplomat that the public may soon be asked to judge her—for a Senatorship, a Cabinet post, possibly even the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination—an account of that record is given here.

The Hard Way

The new ambassador got the full Neapolitan treatment for visiting celebrities when she stepped off the gangplank on April 22, 1953—flowers, guitars, boisterous crowds cheering under the warm sun of Naples. The Italian Foreign Ministry gave her an unctuous welcome in Rome. But it was no secret that the Italians resented her appointment.

What bothered the Italians was not simply that she was a woman. Accomplished as she was in many ways, everybody knew that she was coming to Italy not because she was peculiarly qualified for the post but because her husband had contributed powerfully to General Eisenhower's nomination and election.

The appointment, it is said, had been offered first to Henry Luce himself. If he turned it down in favor of his wife, the decision was reached after both had carefully considered her handicaps, which were many. Among them was the fact that she was his wife. While some Italians might cherish the prospect that the three big Luce magazines would acquire a vested interest in featuring Italy, many had qualms. "Luce once adopted China," a reporter in Italy remarked, "and look what happened to China." Apart from that, Mrs. Luce was beautiful—beautiful enough, even at the age of fifty, to infuriate other women and embarrass her diplomatic colleagues. It might have been different had she looked like Gertrude Stein.

Also, she was a recently converted Catholic, too unrelaxed for Italy's ancient, comfortable Catholicism, too combative for a population which, if Catholic in religion, has a long tradition of anti-clericalism in politics. She was an easy target for the Communists: rich, Republican, well known in leftist circles for "hating Communism with an African passion," as *Pravda* put it—this in a country whose Communist strength represents one-quarter of the voters.

SHE WAS to find other handicaps as she went along. Her sharp tongue and wit did not suit her temperamentally for a diplomatic world peopled by the Stuffed Shirts she had once lampooned in a popular book of that name. Moreover, if she was untrained as a diplomat, she was well trained as a journalist. For a journalist, news has no value until it is published, while for a diplomat it is the other way around. Mrs. Luce is annoyed by the charge that she talks too much. "I don't really talk too much," she says, "but I'm widely misquoted." (Nevertheless, she has talked too much.) Furthermore, her appointment was political in intent as well as origin. Where a professional ambassador might have no greater dream than a bigger and better ambassadorship, her ambition has been frankly to "dramatize the dynamic new Eisenhower Administration."

From the Moment She Arrived

She has worked enormously hard, driven, as always, by a determination to prove herself on a man's level. "I come from a world," she had Miriam say in her celebrated Broadway hit, *The Women*, "where a woman's got to come out on top—or it's just too damned bad."

She has filled forty-three bound volumes with press clippings, some favorable, others not, but all testifying to her tireless energy. She has traveled thousands of miles up and down the peninsula, posed for thousands of photographs, made hundreds of speeches, and entertained almost everybody—not everybody, unfortunately—in the handsome Renaissance residence, Villa Taverna, provided by the U.S. government. In her first year, more than seven thousand people signed the Villa Taverna's guest book; and during 1955 alone, she received several hundred Members of Congress. (Some might have driven her to despair if they had not provided her with priceless stories for conversational use. One wanted to know how Garibaldi got his elephants across the Alps, another what the Russians were doing behind the Rurals, while a third once instructed her secretary to "Call me a plane.")

At times her sense of public relations has been superb. When an Italian LAI plane crashed at Idlewild a few days before she was to go home on leave, she canceled her flight with an American line and booked with LAI. When Prime Min-

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ister Alcide De Gasperi died in 1954, she rushed back from a summer vacation in the States for the funeral, causing the British Ambassador grudgingly to do likewise. When the Amalfi coast was struck by a flash flood, she flew to the scene to make a round of the hospitals, beating the President of the Republic by twenty-four hours.

Millions of Italians have come to know and admire her for these activities. But all this proves how vigorously she has applied herself to her ambassadorial job, not how successful she has been at it.

The Bolt Had Been Shot

Mrs. Luce started out without the biggest advantage her predecessors had had; she could not promise the Italians much money. Where the United States had given Italy $2.8 billion in direct economic aid before she came, Italy got a net of $105 million in fiscal 1954, $45 million in 1955, and $5 million in the first quarter of 1956; and where mutual defense assistance offshore-procurement contracts had reached a total of $383 million during her first summer, they had slackened off to $91 million the next year, and $39.5 million the year after.

In effect, this meant a fast passage from proconsular to interallied diplomacy between two nations that in various degrees needed each other. More precisely, it meant trying to convince the Italians, using other means of persuasion than money, to do what the State Department was anxious for them to do: attain political and economic stability, support the Atlantic Alliance and the European Defense Community, roll back the biggest Communist Party this side of the Iron Curtain. Since most government leaders were already at least verbally inclined to do these things, it meant keeping them on the right path by exerting a discreet influence in Parliament and among the voters. Quite an undertaking for even a seasoned politician-diplomat, irrespective of sex.

The 1953 Elections

She began badly. A month after her arrival and two weeks before the difficult elections of June 7, 1953, the Communist newspaper *L'Unità* triumphantly caught her giving out crucifixes to a group of southern peasants during the inauguration of a land-reform village called La Martella. Crucifixes are customarily distributed in Italy on such occasions, but not by a U.S. ambassador. A week later she got into worse trouble by saying publicly in Milan that any electoral victory for the extreme Right or Left would have "grave consequences for the intimate and friendly co-operation between Italy and the United States." Several Italian and American newspapers claimed later that the speech cost the center parties the election.

The charge was unfair. In saying what everyone knew, she probably did not change many votes, let alone the 57,600 by which the government coalition fell short of the total necessary to get the bonus seats the recent election law provided for. But the speech hurt her personally. She was making her maiden address as ambassador, at a decisive moment in Italian politics, in the most politically literate city in Italy, before people who were waiting for her to fall on her face. (She told an Italian paper recently that she had not written the speech herself and that of the two aides who did, one is now stationed in Singapore and the other in South Korea. The disclosure may help explain away her first big mistake; it has not improved her staff relations.)

1954: White House Briefing

THE ELECTIONS that June opened a difficult era in Italy. Under De Gasperi's leadership for the five preceding years, the Christian Democrats and their minor partners—Republicans, Social Democrats, Liberals—had governed with a safe majority and comparative stability. After June 7, the center coalition had a margin of sixteen seats in the Chamber of Deputies. On the Left there was a bloc of 143 Communists and 75 left-wing Socialists. On the Right there were 40 Monarchists and 29 Neo-Fascists. Short of holding new elections, which, as De Gasperi said, were "absolutely necessary and utterly impossible," the center parties had a choice of trying to carry on as they were or making a deal with either the Left or Right. While the politicians debated the question, the country had four different Prime Ministers within eight months.

The idea of moving to the right,

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if not all the way to the Fascists then at least as far as their Monarchist allies, was being pushed hard during those months by several influential Italians: Luigi Gedda of Catholic Action; Don Luigi Sturzo, founder of the first Catholic popular party; Giuseppe Pella, who headed a Christian Democratic caretaker Cabinet at the time. The conclusion that a coalition of the Right—eventually leading to some sort of constitutional monarchy—would turn popular opinion toward the Left was finally reached by the most influential Christian Democratic leaders.

But not by the American ambassador. She had made up her mind: Only by enlisting the Monarchists and strengthening the right wing of the Christian Democratic Party could Italy ever have a strong, stable government.

Although a newcomer to Italy, Mrs. Luce was neither unsympathetic nor unfamiliar with the outlook of the Right. But she only knew the political Right in her own country, the Republican Party that had just returned to power, and she had little notion of how weak, Bourbonic, and thoroughly unpopular the Italian Right is. It is a haven not only for groups of jittery businessmen and landowners but also for unregenerate feudal barons, as well as former Fascist goons, crackpot young bomb-throwers, fetish worshipers who once kidnaped Mussolini's corpse, and sophomoric nationalists who want to retrace the late Duce's military steps over the long African route to Ethiopia. Incidentally, it also includes many who despise Britain and hate the United States.

The ambassador may not have liked all these people—her anti-Mussolini record was clearly established before the war—but she could never understand why the same reason of expediency that brought the United States to accept Franco as an ally could not apply also to Italian internal politics. Indeed, she had only scorn for those Italian democrats—and there are many of them—who, if forced to choose between the Right and the Communist Left, would not hesitate to choose the Communists. Nor could she make out why the mere fact that she dealt with even the least objectionable Rightists would render her objectionable herself. Mrs. Luce believed that only a firm anchorage to the Right could stop the drift of Italian politics.

Dulles's Foot

It was primarily in the hope of winning the rightist-nationalist support that Mrs. Luce worked so strenuously all during the summer of 1953 to get a settlement in Trieste. Italy's quarrel with Yugoslavia over this tiny Free Territory had offered both Right and Left a chance to discredit the Christian Democrats' western-minded régime. If Italy were to get at least Zone A, which included the port of Trieste—so she argued—the Monarchists might be induced to rally around Pella's government.

The solution was announced on October 8, 1953, in the form of a joint American-British declaration giving Zone A to Italy and Zone B to Yugoslavia. It came after Mrs. Luce had wrangled with the British for months and gone over the State Department's head by sending her husband to the White House three days earlier. (The Secretary of State, more interested in Tito's military strength than Italy's political weakness, had said only a month earlier that he was open-minded about alternatives to the Big Three's 1948 pledge to give Italy all of Trieste. As Mrs. Luce was to observe after several similar experiences, "Every time I open my mouth, Dulles puts his foot in it.")

The plan might have worked if Marshal Tito had not been left in the dark about it—because of American impatience to make the announcement, according to the British; because of a deliberate British oversight, according to our ambassador. As it was, Tito moved his troops up to the Zone A border and threatened war; Italy replied with angry demonstrations in nearly all its major cities; in Trieste itself, rioting left six dead. It was not until a year later, after Pella had fallen and Mr. Dulles had sent Robert D. Murphy as a special emissary to Rome and Belgrade, that a solution much like the original one was accepted by both sides.

Opinions differ as to how much credit Mrs. Luce deserves for this settlement. There are those, among them the authoritative *Corriere della Sera* of Milan, who give her most of the credit for the belated agreement. "No one will ever know," said the *Corriere* when the Italian flag went up over Trieste, "how much Italy owes to this fragile blonde creature." Others, including members of her staff, say that the settlement had been maturing for some years and that the October 8 declaration delayed it, if anything.

Whoever is right, Trieste did not bring the results she had hoped for. In fact, the end of the Trieste crisis deflated the nationalist boom, and from then on the Rightists started losing ground. Even before the settlement came, Pella, who was thriving on that boom, had gone so far to the right that all of Italy's democratic forces compelled him to resign. For two things are clear about Italian postwar politics: First, the trend is to the left although not necessarily to the Communist left; second, all attempts to consolidate the Right have failed. Unfortunately, the U.S. ambassador could never quite manage to recognize the leftward trend of Italian politics and come to terms with it.

Diplomacy by Press Leakages

It had been a bumpy eight months for the ambassador when she came home for her first Christmas holiday, and the stories in the American press soon after she arrived led her into even greater trouble. On January 7, 1954, the New York *Herald Tribune* reported that the Italian Christian Democrats had actually won the bonus seats in the June elections, as revealed by a recount of most of the million voided ballots. It claimed the Rome politicians would publicly deny the facts, went on to question the constitutionality of all Italian Cabinets since that election, and declared that "Italy is now undergoing a dangerous political crisis . . . which need never have happened . . ." The same story, more or less embroidered with the notion that the Communists would take over in two or three years, was carried by nearly every major American newspaper, several syndicated columns, *Newsweek*, and *Time* over the next few weeks, with particular emphasis on the recount (though no recount has been completed or officially reported).

There could be no question about the source. Mrs. Luce herself told

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1953: Making Friends

a press conference in New York that the "democratic and republican forces" in Italy could still stop the Communist Party "when and if they want to," thereby attributing to Italian statesmen like De Gasperi a lack both of vision and of will.

(Almost three months later, Mrs. Luce was accused of having inspired all these stories by the pro-government Italian weekly *L'Europeo*, which published a purported account of her off-the-record talk with Washington correspondents at the Hotel Mayflower on January 5. She denied the account.)

It is hard to see what Mrs. Luce expected to gain from her alarmist campaign. *La Stampa* described it as a "shock tactic . . . needed by the U.S. Republicans for the forthcoming election" of 1954, and it may have served that purpose. In Italy, however, it caused bedlam. Assuming it were true, for instance, that the Christian Democrats had really won the majority necessary for the bonus seats—a claim never proved—what would they have gotten by holding a complete recount and claiming victory? Probably a civil war, since nothing less would be likely to unseat some sixty-three leftist Deputies in Parliament at that late date. Assuming also that the Communists were on the verge of power and the center parties were too flabby to hold them back, who would have been likely to gain by the ambassador's revelations? Only the Communists. Certainly not the Christian Democrats, who, even as Mrs. Luce was talking at the Mayflower, were trying desperately to find a way out of the crisis brought about by Pella's fall.

PELLA'S RESIGNATION caused Mrs. Luce to cut her holiday short by ten days and return to Rome. Shortly afterward, she invited leaders of the Republican, Social Democratic, Liberal, and Monarchist Parties to Villa Taverna for separate talks on the crisis. She had evidently hoped to line up these parties behind the new Christian Democratic candidate for the Premiership, Interior Minister Amintore Fanfani. The effort not only failed but exposed her to unprecedented attack, since consultations of this kind are the prerogative of the Italian Chief of State. The Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, described Mrs. Luce suavely in Parliament as an "old lady who brings bad luck to everything she touches."

While all this was going on, the New York *Times* broke the story that the United States had authorized its ambassador to Italy to cancel all offshore-procurement contracts with plants where Communist workers were in the majority, which was the case in most big Italian factories at the time. The announcement caused a furor. A spokesman for CISL, the predominantly Catholic labor federation, described the policy as "brutal blackmail"; the secretary of the other anti-Communist federation, UIL, added, "The point is not to punish workers by denying them work but to encourage them by providing it."

By the time Mario Scelba was confirmed as Prime Minister at the beginning of March, 1954, Italo-American relations were scraping bottom. Mrs. Luce had no confidence in the center coalition that Scelba had pulled together again, and Italian politicians were criticizing her so openly that the State Department was reported by one press association as wondering "whether it is in the United States' interest to have an ambassador who is the object of so much public debate."

Scelba Will Do

The Scelba experiment, however, opened a better year for Mrs. Luce. With only the most lukewarm support from his own party, Scelba needed a friend badly, and the anti-Communist program he announced the month he became Premier met most of the objections Mrs. Luce had been raising all winter. His Cabinet, he said, would crack down on the Communists in the civil service, throw them out of the government-owned

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buildings and printing plants, prosecute them for slandering the government, and curb the Communist-owned or -controlled export firms that were trading with Red China. Since the Communists were too solidly embedded in Italy to be dug out so easily, only the easiest parts of this program were ever carried out. But as a token of intentions, the effort was appreciated in our embassy. Slowly Scelba was gaining favor.

There were other onslaughts against the Communists during that year, which, to say the least, did not displease the embassy. Prominent among them was a movement called Pace e Libertà (Peace and Liberty), led by Edgardo Sogno, a Foreign Office official who had been a hero of the Resistance. The movement's purpose, as Sogno told the readers of his magazine, was to rally Italians around a National Anti-Communist Front; and it pursued this aim by publishing a string of shocking revelations about top Communist leaders—offering documentary evidence that many of them were once informers for Mussolini, that party bureaucrats rode to work in expensive custom-built cars, and that Togliatti, among others, kept a "concubine" draped in costly furs and jewels. The movement, which for a while was quite lively, has now petered out. As Ignazio Silone said, "The question isn't whether party leaders are scoundrels, but whether they are capable and effective scoundrels."

THIS QUESTION reveals why the Communist Party started to show the first signs of an erosion that is still going on. Mrs. Luce feels, and some people agree with her, that the psychological atmosphere created by Scelba, Sogno, and the American embassy in 1954 was a major factor leading to the Communists' loss of Fiat in March, 1955, and most big northern factories thereafter. While all three may have played some part, none of them could even remotely be compared to the part played by the Communists' own leaders, who had pressed too many workers too long to go out on too many protest strikes in obedience to Cominform *diktats*.

This is not to say that the offshore-procurement policy, one of the ambassador's most publicized endeavors at home, was insignificant. While anti-Communist union leaders have disowned the policy and still don't like it, they admit privately now that by canceling $25 million worth of contracts in two Communist-dominated plants the United States persuaded thousands of Italian workers to vote against the Communist-controlled CGIL (General Confederation of Italian Labor) in order to keep their jobs. Nobody will know until the next elections whether or not the political opinions of these workers have changed.

THE RATIFICATION early in 1955 of the Paris pacts that replaced the ill-fated EDC was a genuine victory for Mrs. Luce, though it is hardly imaginable that Italy could have held out alone. But the really major achievement of the American embassy was to have kept Mario Scelba in office fifteen months. (One of the more painful things Mrs. Luce has suffered is the ingratitude of the politicians whom sooner or later she has come to befriend. If the ambassador had not gone far beyond the call of duty to prop him up, Scelba would have fallen months before he did; yet he says now that "after all, a male ambassador would have been better.")

Scelba's trip to Washington surely contributed to prolong his tenure in office. The invitation was extracted from a State Department made reluctant by its awareness that Scelba's Cabinet was beginning to spring leaks at every seam. But there was not even a hint of the irrepressible crisis in the American press when the ambassador started home after Christmas. There has been "a remarkable improvement in the Italian picture" she told reporters. "Now there is a stable government . . . Italy has clarified its whole situation." Three months later, on the eve of Scelba's departure for the United States, he was to be humiliated by the proposal of a parliamentary injunction to limit his actions in the United States, forcing a ninth vote of confidence.

1953: With the 'South's Sweetest Singers' from Emory University

The Oil Lure

The problem of Italian oil had become a stormy political issue by that time. Promising deposits had been found, first in Sicily, then in the Abruzzi, and an antiquated Fascist law still on the books was keeping most of the oil underground. The draft of a new law, written several years earlier by lawyers of American oil concerns in collaboration with the then Minister

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of Industry, Malvestiti, which offered considerable advantages to foreign companies, had been bottled up in parliamentary committee; and the group opposing it, led by the head of the state natural-gas monopoly, Enrico Mattei, was becoming stronger with every new sign that the deposits were very substantial indeed.

The American oil companies' quarrel with Mattei had taken an ugly turn that summer when *Fortune* magazine, followed later by *Time*, pointed a finger at him as the biggest single obstacle to large-scale American investment in Italy. Apart from the merits of the case—and there were many on both sides—the fact that the publisher of *Fortune* and *Time* was also the U.S. ambassador's consort led many Italians to consider this as semi-official American pressure. They were already suspicious because of persistent rumors leaking from government headquarters to the effect that the State Department was holding out on any further financial aid to Italy "until this oil business is settled."

Then Mrs. Luce herself entered the picture. Her first statement in the New York *Times* in January, 1955, did not attract much notice. She repeated it in essence a few weeks later, however, in an interview given to *Il Globo*, the financial daily owned by Confindustria (the Confederation of Italian Manufacturers). Pointing out that "capital comes where the profit is greatest," and that "political security is associated with economic convenience," she went on to say: "Much depends on the oil policy of the Italian government. It is known that oil investments are a good index of the security and profitable nature of the market. Many private companies can be led to invest their capital here if they see the oil companies doing it."

Her interview brought the long-smoldering dispute to an uproarious blaze. Shortly thereafter, the Socialist Party introduced a motion in Parliament requiring Scelba's pledge that he would not discuss oil on his American visit. The motion did not pass. But the Christian Democrats forced the Premier to give Parliament a moral commitment along the same lines. What Scelba talked about in Washington is still, and probably will remain forever, a deep secret, but certainly he kept mum about oil.

Photos from Wide World

1955: With the German ambassador at a masked ball

As EVERYBODY in Italy knew, Scelba had gone to Washington mostly for the ride. He brought back the promise of ten tons of heavy water for atomic experiment, a routine agreement ending double taxation of American businesses in Italy and vice versa, five honorary degrees, and a model of the Empire State Building in silver. But that was not enough to bring him past the last deadline his party had set: the election of a new Chief of State.

The Gronchi Enigma

The election of Giovanni Gronchi as President of the Republic at the end of last April was the final blow for Scelba, and Mrs. Luce's most bitter personal defeat. As a left-wing Christian Democrat and an uncompromising enemy of Scelba and Fanfani, Gronchi was opposed vigorously by both, and it was partly but not exclusively because these two men opposed him that more than a hundred disaffected Christian Democratic Members of Parliament joined in a weird coalition with the Right and extreme Left to elect him.

Mrs. Luce, who had met Gronchi only once, considered him a pro-Communist who would steer Italy toward a neutralist foreign policy and bring the fellow-traveling Nenni Socialists into the government. Only from his behavior in office will we ever learn whether, or to what extent, Mrs. Luce's judgment was correct. But certainly her behavior during the Presidential contest can scarcely be called correct or wise. The American correspondents who were summoned to lunch at Villa Taverna the day before the fourth and final ballot came away thoroughly persuaded that Gronchi's election would mean disaster.

The same conviction was expressed by Lodovico Benvenuti, then Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, on whom the ambassador had evidently borne down with all the influence of the government she represented. Before the fourth ballot, Benvenuti told a packed and riotous Christian Democratic caucus that Gronchi's election "would end a ten-year friendship with the United States and force the State Department to review Italy's role in the whole network of European defense." An angry roar answered him and on the fourth ballot Gronchi was elected. A prominent cabinet minister called Gronchi's election "the American embassy's masterpiece."

The ambassador was in the diplo-

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matic gallery when the vote on the final ballot was being counted. As it became apparent that Gronchi had won, but before the result was announced, she walked out.

It was three weeks before Mrs. Luce paid her first courtesy call on the new President—the British ambassador had made his the day after the election. In the meantime, the American press showed how deeply her apprehension had affected U.S. reports from Italy. On May 17, the New York *Times* in a dispatch from Rome said: "Recent political developments in Italy have convinced U.S. military authorities of the need for a review of Italy's position regarding the West, particularly NATO. . . ." The dispatch added: "Doubts about Italy's present attitude have been created by the election of Giovanni Gronchi . . . and by events since. President Gronchi has always inclined toward neutralism and never shown any enthusiasm for the Atlantic alliance. . . . In his inaugural speech he made no secret of his belief that room should be made in the Government for fellow-traveling Left-Wing Socialists if not for the Communists themselves." There were no quotes to back up this statement.

On the same day and in the same paper, however, a dispatch from Washington said: "Officials of the State Department . . . saw no particular need for a review of U.S. policy toward Italy"; and the same dispatch quoted a Pentagon spokesman as saying "he had heard nothing suggesting [such] a review. . . ."

Several more weeks were to pass before the *Times's* and other papers' Rome correspondents came around to a more temperate view, and it was six months before the State Department in a move toward reconciliation invited the new President to visit America.

Things have changed in Italy since the events of last May. Scelba's successor as Premier, Antonio Segni, is as pro-western as the Premiers before him. But his relations with the American embassy are cool, and his Cabinet has come to rely more on leftist support than any in the last eight years. His two major accomplishments since being sworn in—the establishment of a constitutional court and the reform of the tax system—would have been impossible without Communist and Socialist votes. Embassy officials do not blame Gronchi for this situation, or Segni himself, who is the most moderate of Christian Democratic left-wingers. The responsibility lies mostly with the secretariat of the Christian Democratic Party, which has not yet succeeded in providing the party machine it is supposed to run with adequate discipline, purposefulness, and money.

There is a strange limpness in Italian politics today which affects both the Christian Democrats and the Communists, while the minor parties, right or left of Center, are getting increasingly feeble. Among the political leaders the only one whose stock keeps rising is Pietro Nenni, who registers the uninterrupted leftward drift of the nation.

Wrong Bets

This, by and large, is the record of what has happened in Italy in the three years since Mrs. Luce arrived to carry out the dynamic policies of the Republican Administration.

Of course nothing could be more absurd than to hold Mrs. Luce responsible for everything that has gone wrong with Italian democracy during the last three years. She could not have foreseen the weakening of Alcide De Gasperi's hold on his party after the 1953 election, not to speak of his death a year later. Even so, it would have been the better part of wisdom to consider that De Gasperi's matchless skill in keeping an ever-changing, precarious balance within his party as well as within the democratic coalition could some day run into a very serious snag, and that—after all—he was not immortal. And how can Mrs. Luce be blamed for having failed to foresee that the vaunted relaxation of international tension would ultimately, under Communist management, result in a relaxation of tension between the Communist and anti-Communist forces in the internal politics of the major European democracies?

But it is not unfair to hold Mrs. Luce responsible for having stubbornly held her rightward course, and for having guessed wrong too many times. For a politician, that is the capital sin. A politician she was before going to Italy, and a politician she will most probably be again when she comes home. A politician she was in all her persistent concern with Italian domestic affairs. There is nothing reprehensible about this concern: In our day and age a U.S. ambassador must play a sustained yet discreet role in the domestic policies of an allied country. What *is* reprehensible is to have backed those among the democratic politicians who because of their rightist inclinations were bound to lose ground. Either luck or skill failed Mrs. Luce.

To her credit, she never spared herself, never was slack in her job, never shunned taking chances and assuming responsibilities. She drove herself and her embassy at a merciless pace, with an energy that few could rival, let alone surpass.

Most of her mistakes came from overdoing, from showing her hand and playing it too heavily in many cases where she might have succeeded had she been firm and discreet. Frequently she chose to be shrill and hard, while she could easily have achieved her goal just by quietly turning on a little bit of that charm with which she is so eminently endowed.

For instance, like many other people, American or non-American, she may have had good reason to dislike "The Blackboard Jungle," and to eliminate that controversial movie from the Venice Film Festival. But this was no excuse for her being so carried away by anger as to tell Ottavio Croze, the director of the Festival, that if there was juvenile delinquency in America, it could be blamed largely on narcotics that came from Italy.

On other occasions, she preferred to exhibit a sort of girlish pettiness rather than face with quiet forbearance situations not to her liking. So, for instance, when Eleanor Roosevelt spent four days in Rome last spring, the U.S. ambassador invited about forty guests to meet her at an elaborate luncheon. All but a few were from the embassy. Not a single Italian of the many eager to pay their respects to that truly great American woman was invited or, for

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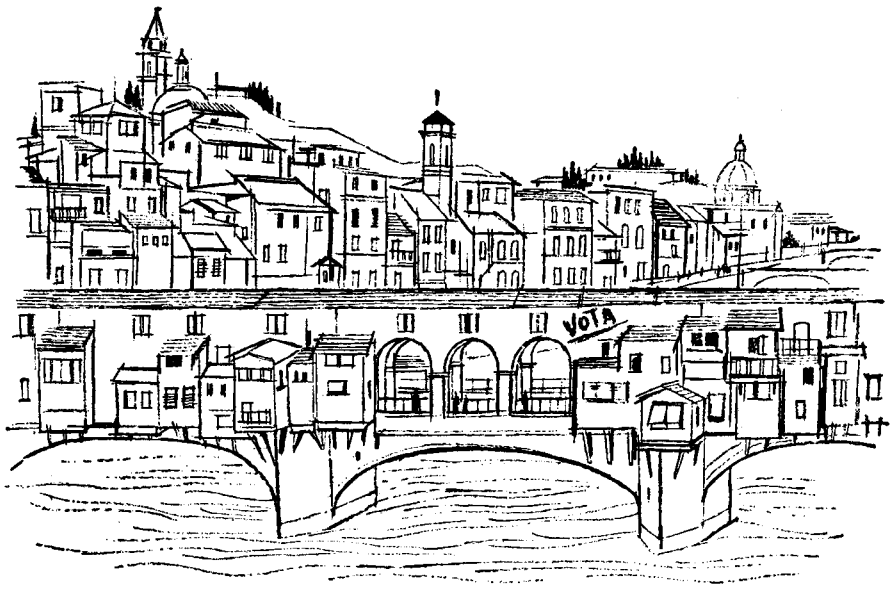

that matter, offered a chance to meet her.

According to people present, however, the luncheon turned out to be a triumph for Mrs. Roosevelt. The guests, particularly the younger ones, were so taken with her, so anxious to hear her talk, that the ambassador had no choice but to let the party go on and on, while looking nervously at her watch.

Mr. and Mrs.

Her fretful impatience and poor judgment contributed heavily to the failure of Mrs. Luce's mission to Rome. Perhaps part of the responsibility should go to Mr. Luce, who has spent half his time in Rome, working strenuously to make his wife's mission a success. His circle of friends was made up of the most typical representatives of Italian big business, men who can scarcely voice Italian feelings and needs. As things turned out, it was not advantageous to have two ambassadors for the price of one. Both Mrs. and Mr. Luce found it difficult, if not altogether impossible, to realize—hardened by success as they are—that the fight against Communism just cannot be conducted on the Seven Hills the way it is conducted from Rockefeller Center.

In fact, on more than one occasion Mr. Luce did not conceal his dismay at what seemed to him the Vatican's softness toward Italian and international Communism. His wife has been more reserved, and has managed to avoid too close contacts with the Catholic hierarchy, as she promised to do before going to Italy. She has been ambassador to the Italian Republic, not to the Vatican.

At least once her fretfulness got on the nerves of the highest Vatican officials. This was last summer, when that saintly and rather erratic man, Mayor Giorgio La Pira of Florence, attended the World Mayors' Conference in Rome. Photographs of Elia Cardinal Dalla Costa, Archbishop of Florence, bowing over the hand of Moscow's mayor greatly incensed the U.S. ambassador. She let it be known at the Vatican's Secretariat of State that the Vatican's failure to curb La Pira, whom she held responsible, made the U.S. ambassador wonder whether the Church could still be considered an effective bulwark against Communism; perhaps the United States was the only bulwark left. The Papal Secretariat of State did not find this outburst to its liking. The Vatican has lost none of its centuries-old skill in handling its saints, and it knows how to wait for the fall of great empires, be they secular or journalistic.

'The Snake Pit'

Perhaps Mrs. Luce's mission to Rome would have achieved different results if this extraordinary woman whose public relations are usually matchless were equally adept at human relations. She certainly could have made better use of her staff if she had not so overawed the Foreign Service people under her command as to lead too many of them into thinking that the thing to do was to tell her what she wanted to hear. (Her embassy became known as "the snake pit.")

She might have been spared many costly errors if she had had the patience to listen—particularly to those Italians who are friends of the United States rather than panderers to it. But somehow she has failed to surround herself with a large and representative Italian constituency. She certainly has met many kinds of Italians, but, at least at present, her most familiar milieu is a small coterie of professional wits and punsters. She got bored with the old aristocracy and disillusioned by the many Italian politicians panting after subsidies for their hard-pressed factions or parties. The heavily earnest and moralistic men who are striving to keep some integrity in the maze of Italian politics may occasionally offer pearls of wisdom, but in general they are not fun to be with.

The punsters who have become habitués of the Villa Taverna *are* fun. They write in a magazine, *Il Borghese,* that never mentions democracy without a chuckle or a sneer. Their wit, well appreciated not so long ago at the courts of Mussolini and Ciano, has lost none of its sharpness in the change of political régime, and it is not likely to be dulled by moralism ever.

After all, not so long ago Ambassador Luce was a playwright and an editor of *Vanity Fair.* Political success has not spoiled her wit, just as the passing of time has not altered her looks. She is as sprightly as ever, with a kind of inexhaustible vitality, constantly wound up. There is a sort of a strident, metallic quality about her, revealed in the high pitch of her voice.

Perhaps she has failed in Italy precisely because of her strong points—brightness and shrewdness and dash. The fact is that all these flowers, some bright and innocent, some sweetly poisonous, and all of them beautiful, have been growing on Italian soil for centuries and centuries. In Italy they are a drug on the market.

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California's Governor Knight: Balance of Republican Power?

HALE CHAMPION

THE NAME GOODWIN J. ("Goodie") Knight, Governor of California, usually comes up after a given political conversation has covered this ground:

If President Eisenhower is not a candidate for re-election, the Republican Party is in a bad way. Chief Justice Earl Warren, former Governor of California and probably the party's best potential vote getter in the absence of Eisenhower, has said flatly that he won't run. He may have meant what he said, that being his habit, and his decision has been pointedly endorsed by the President. Another Californian, Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, is quietly anxious to become the new captain of the Team; but doubt that he could be elected is being expressed by pollsters and dopesters alike. There are also influential Republicans who do not even favor Nixon as a candidate to succeed himself as Vice-President. Still another nationally known Californian, Senator William F. Knowland, heir to the late Senator Taft's toga as G.O.P. leader in the Senate and to much of Taft's following, also yearns to succeed Eisenhower. But Knowland's continuing differences with the President on foreign policy make him an unlikely choice for a party that must run on the Eisenhower record even if it has to be without Eisenhower himself. The G.O.P. now stands far more committed to the Eisenhower brand of moderation than many right-wingers, perhaps including Knowland, yet realize.

It is at this point, amid a spirited exchange of such lively old Presidential-year clichés as "dark horse," "long shot," and "the stroke of lightning," that somebody asks, "Well, then, what about Knight?"

THE QUESTION is a tribute not so much to Knight personally as to the success of the Republican Party in California. The discussion of potential candidates may turn briefly to other places and other names—to Thomas E. Dewey, Milton Eisenhower, George M. Humphrey, Christian Herter, and that hardy perennial, Harold Stassen—but it keeps coming back to California, pulled by that most powerful of political magnets, victory at the polls.

That four serious contenders for a major party's nomination should come from one state, even one that ranks second only to New York in population, is unprecedented in recent American history. When, however, it is remembered that all four men have won resounding election victories as Republicans despite the solid majority of registered Democratic voters in California, the unprecedented becomes the obvious. If, for one reason or another, Warren, Nixon, and Knowland won't or can't do, then the desire of the President-makers to know about Knight is quite natural.

He's Available

Their curiosity is not being discouraged. Knight has made it clear that he would be delighted to be transfixed by lightning at the 1956 G.O.P. convention in San Francisco. One of his closest advisers has indicated further that if Eisenhower chooses to run again, and can be persuaded to drop Nixon, Knight would be perfectly content with the lesser voltage that accompanies the Vice-Presidential nomination. To that end Knight has made himself as available nationally as he has always been in the state, making a series of junkets to strategic points around the country. In one "off-the-record" conversation after another the governor has announced that he is the man who can "stop Nixon" in California's Presidential primary next June, thus thwarting the Vice-President's national ambitions. What he has gone on to say about Nixon on at least two of these occasions is, at least in part, unprintable.

Knight makes an impressive appearance. He is a fit-looking man with a rangy kind of huskiness. His creased face is attractively craggy, very different from Nixon's round and boyish visage. Although he will be sixty years old next December, Knight bubbles with nervous drive and energy. He has, in fact, only lately stopped tap dancing in public at moments of jubilation. A restless and somewhat theatrical man, he frequently rises in the course of a conversation to act out a little story, to flip a line back over his shoulder, or just to take a pace or two. He seldom takes a drink and has not smoked since an ulcer operation some years ago. Goodie, as he is almost universally known, chews gum instead.

His voice is pleasant and deep, the result of deliberate cultivation, and he is a forceful but rambling speaker, both in public and private. He is careless about getting his facts straight, but this seems to worry his conscientious staff more than it does him. Like many other veteran politicians, Knight distinctly prefers the general to the specific, the vague to the concrete. There is, however, one major exception to that rule. A redoubtable campaigner, widely quoted as finding that "the thrill is in the chase," he talks of political tactics and strategy in pointed, knowing, and quite specific terms. Issues? Well, that's another matter—a crucial one that leads to the big, unanswered questions about this assertive, pushing newcomer to the national scene: What are his fundamental political convictions and how good a public servant is he?

WHILE THE ANSWERS to those questions vary greatly from Californian to Californian, all the answers are based on roughly the same set of contradictory basic facts. In skimpy summary for the moment, the facts are these: Until he succeeded Warren as Governor of California when Warren was elevated to the Supreme Court in October, 1953, Lieutenant Governor Knight was generally regarded as an amiable lightweight political hack with a flair for campaigning and a special appeal for the ultraconservative

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anti-Warren wing of the Republican Party in the state. While it is difficult to be a distinguished lieutenant governor (as Knight himself is quick to declare), he didn't even shine in the major function assigned his office, presiding over the state senate. His hammy playing to the gallery pleased the visitors (i.e., voters) more than it did the senators, who were trying to plow through legislative business without much help from the chair. Warren referred to him as "the walkie-talkie." Knight called Warren "Pearly Early" in private and, when it suited his purposes or audience, occasionally complained that the governor was a Fair Deal follower.

When, on Warren's elevation to the Supreme Court, Knight became governor himself, there were understandably widespread fears in both parties that he would soon dismantle Warren's smooth-functioning and almost apolitical administrative machine. He did not. In the more than two years that have passed since then, he has increasingly assumed the Warren stance toward the state's problems. He has not been a great governor—far from it—but he has, by common admission, done middling fair to date. Indeed, his performance has so far exceeded the modest expectations of the Sacramento press corps that the sighs of relief have sometimes had the volume and quality of applause.

In pleasing many, including enough voters to elect him governor easily in his own right in 1954, he has, of course, disappointed some. The Democratic leadership had hoped to take advantage of what it anticipated would be a fumbling, reactionary Knight régime to end the party's long frustration by the Republicans, nominally the state's minority party. That hasn't worked out to date. And Knight's old ultra-conservative friends, whose massed voices echo through the mighty organ of the Los Angeles *Times*, had hoped to forget the austerity of Warren bipartisanship in a frank revel of right-wing Republicanism. That hasn't worked out either. Instead, Knight has virtually read himself out of his own past, at least for the moment, and is now bidding for national attention as a lifelong progressive Republican in the rather

mixed traditions of Theodore Roosevelt, Hiram W. Johnson, Earl Warren, and Dwight D. Eisenhower. Small wonder that there are at least three major schools of thought about Knight's political convictions and capacities as a public servant.

Which of Three?

The first school holds that the governor is really the same conservative he appeared to be during what the Sacramento press once lampooned as "The Seven Year Itch"—while he was lieutenant governor. This school is inclined to see Knight's recent behavior as a concession to the need to get Democratic votes in California and to outflank both Knowland and Nixon on the national front. By moving in just to their left (which isn't, after all, very far left), so the theory goes, Knight hopes to cut his California rivals off from moderate and independent votes both in the state's primary and at the national convention. He is really quite conservative, members of this school argue, but an adjustable conservative who, with the counsel of clever public-relations experts, has outmaneuvered the opposition in both parties.

Another school holds that Knight was actually never much of a conservative at all, that because the party conservatives were his most loyal supporters during the dog days as lieutenant governor, he just jollied them along. This school also contends that Knight has matured and broadened in outlook since he became governor, that he is today pretty much what he and Whitaker & Baxter say he is. (For those not familiar with the last decade of California political history, perhaps it should be explained that Whitaker & Baxter are Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter, a husband-and-wife public-relations partnership that has rewritten the California campaigning handbook with lavish and spectacularly successful packaging of personalities and issues alike.)

There is a far less sympathetic third school. It finds Knight a political careerist and opportunist of no fixed political convictions or any comprehensive grasp of the larger issues of government at either the state or the national level. It regards him as an astute and able political technician who is more interested in the trappings, mechanics, and drama of political life than in the hard work and serious thinking to which he should be dedicated.

Non-Californians confronted with this diversity of opinion will probably want more direct evidence on which to make their own judgments. A good sampling of the hard facts should undoubtedly be interspersed with the governor's own direct testimony, which is easy to obtain because he is easy to see and talks about himself without coyness and without stint. Our interview of two hours was too brief to cover much of the record, but it provided a good view of Knight in action.

He is both grateful for the impressive amount of luck that has come his way and convinced that he well deserves it. Although his family had a good deal of money when he was a boy in Los Angeles, much of the fortune was later lost. Knight built his own considerable fortune, enough to make him financially independent. A graduate of Stanford University, he did not finish his law course at Cornell but took and passed the California bar examination anyway. During the 1920's, he became a successful Los Angeles lawyer. His first stroke of luck was a financial one. He bought a Mojave Desert gold mine in 1932, paying a little down on a $50,000 total price for the claims involved. Two years later the New Dealers (still a mild epithet in Knight's vocabulary) raised the price of gold from $20 an ounce to $35 an ounce. Knight

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cashed in for hundreds of thousands of dollars in the next five years, and has had no known financial worries since.

Knight's first major political venture in 1934 was in behalf of a conservative and lackluster Republican gubernatorial candidate named Frank Merriam. Merriam was believed to have little chance against the enormously popular "Sunny Jim" Rolph in the primary—but enter again the Knight luck. Rolph died before the primary and Merriam swept on into office. Knight's reward, not quite what he wanted but the best that was available, was an appointment to the bench of the Los Angeles County superior court.

Judge Knight stayed there for eleven years, growing more restive every year. He became a favorite of the movie colony, and handled several warm divorce and custody battles to its apparent satisfaction.

On to Sacramento

In 1946, Knight saw an opportunity to move into the lieutenant governorship behind Earl Warren, for whom he foresaw bigger things. He went to see Whitaker & Baxter, introduced himself, and said that he was committed to politics as a way of life, that he wanted to run for high public office because he wanted to hold high public office. Although Whitaker & Baxter were not so well known in those days, they knew what they were about and they liked Goodie's candor, personality, and showmanship. Knight proved himself a tireless and pleasing campaigner with just enough "bite" in his appeals to the voters to stick in their memories. Nobody came close to him in either the primary or the final.

Talking about the ensuing seven years as lieutenant governor now, Knight seems a bit defensive. He expresses unhappiness that most national magazine portraits in the last two years have laid heavy emphasis on his status as "a funnyman, a clown." A story that his deadly personal rival, Richard M. Nixon, has called him "one of California's best known comics" may have added to this unhappiness. "I've always been a serious student of public affairs," he declared. "I just told the usual number of stories to lighten my speeches. This all started simply because my political opponents couldn't find anything to criticize in a lieutenant governor, so they tried to make me out a clown."

Informed opinion in California attests that, in this respect at least, Knight furnished considerable aid and comfort to his political opponents. He delivered hundreds upon hundreds of public speeches, covering almost every hamlet in the state. Each was compounded largely of gags and homilies, delivered with deft timing and unfailing good humor no matter how inconvenient the place or the hour. He also displayed a nice change of political pace. He was a Warren man when seeking election. At other times he indicated great dissatisfaction with Warren's program, particularly declarations in favor of state health insurance, low-cost housing, FEPC, and other such matters.

As the 1950 gubernatorial campaign approached, Knight made open preparations to challenge Warren with the help of the Republican disaffected, notably some wealthy oil men. At a Republican caucus in San Francisco in October, 1949, for instance, he announced that he "would rather see the Republican Party go down to defeat with an honest, forthright American platform than to win with a carbon copy of the socialistic doctrines espoused by those now in power [in Washington]." But when the final moment of decision came, Knight, an expert house counter, saw that there just weren't enough votes forthcoming and pulled out.

Knight now assesses the situation thus: "I didn't really have any quarrel with Warren. I just wanted to be governor. I was tired of being lieutenant governor." Although Knight had said he would not run for lieutenant governor again, he did so and won easily with impressive proof of the cumulative effect of years of personal campaigning.

AFTER THE ELECTION, he kept right on talking, saying some things he probably wishes now that he hadn't, others that he continues to defend. As a regent of the University of California, he sided with the loyalty-oath forces who burned a still livid scar in the academic body of that institution. Knight hasn't retreated from that position. He described the Democratic Party as having been captured by "socialists, fellow travelers, and radicals." When General MacArthur was recalled from the Far East, Knight reacted in unusually violent language, declaring the withdrawal was forced by the same people who stood by Alger Hiss, "President Truman and Dean Acheson." He described the Korean War as "the most tragic thing in American history." He echoed McCarthy that General Marshall was a "senile old gentleman." And whatever he said, he repeated.

Knight, now given to complaining to his "off-the-record" auditors around the country that he can't understand how anybody ever thought he was a reactionary, ought to check some of his old press clippings.

KNIGHT'S luck played its part again in October, 1953, when he was able to walk into the governor's office and take possession. His face radiating happiness, he bounced up and down in the chair and delivered his first speech as governor: "Hot diggity dog!"

A lot of long-frustrated Democrats happily repeated his cry. They could hardly wait for the election a year away. The timing seemed perfect. Knight would have just long enough to make at least one ponderous blooper and to talk himself into political oblivion. To their consternation, neither of these things happened. Although Knight has now replaced many of Warren's key appointees in top state jobs, he has observed a patient and strategic schedule in so doing. While some of the new appointees are not of the caliber of the men they replaced, none of them has occasioned any acute embarrassment for the governor to this hour. With a receptive ear for the counsel of his continuing helpmates, Whitaker & Baxter, Knight has not only avoided any big bloopers but has scored more than one notable coup.

A Friend of Labor

The governor's biggest coup to date has more than compensated for minor errors, both in immediate results and the enhancement of his

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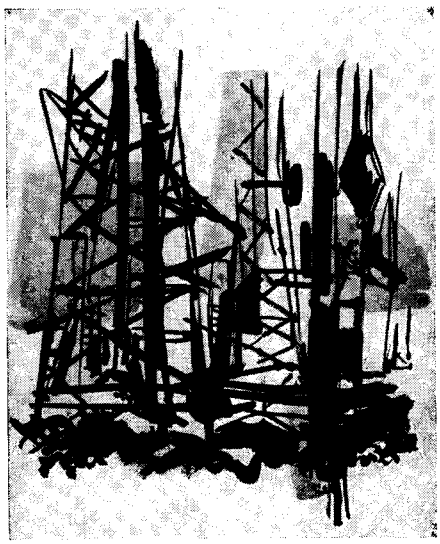
future. That was winning the endorsement in the 1954 election of Labor's League for Political Education in California, the state political arm of the American Federation of Labor. There are some conflicting stories about how this was accomplished (Knight himself claims he was "surprised" when the endorsement was announced), but two basic facts are clear. First, the power-minded Teamsters Union provided the votes that put the Knight endorsement over in the face of stiff opposition by a majority of other AFL unions. Second, Knight not only made substantial pledges to the AFL leadership but more than honored them. As a result, both parties to the bargain seem content. The governor has been shouting long-distance messages to the East via his frequent press conferences that he thinks the Republican Party can get plenty of labor votes in 1956, and not by "appealing over the heads of the union leaders" either. "Unwise and unrealistic," he calls the advice of Senator Barry Goldwater, the Arizona Republican who led the party's desultory deploring of the political effect of the AFL-CIO merger. "I'm not saying in any sense that the Republicans should lose their identity—or any of their principles—in attempting to court the labor vote," Knight has said. "But it is very unrealistic to assume that all labor leaders achieved their positions without the support of the rank and file of their unions. . . . Who is better organized for a quick campaign [because of the late conventions this year], Barry Goldwater's Republicans or members of these labor unions?"

Knight had promised the unions that he would not only veto any legislation discriminating against labor—hot cargo, secondary boycott, and "right-to-work" bills—but would campaign against them. No such legislation has made any headway since, and Knight's old friend, the Los Angeles *Times*, has been editorially aghast. The governor has also supported increases in state unemployment and disability benefits, and he has named an unusually large number of labor leaders to public office. Even some of those in the AFL who opposed the Knight endorsement, partly because they didn't think he would produce, have been won over. No politician of either party got a warmer welcome at the 1955 state AFL convention. The new AFL-CIO president, George Meany himself, was on hand to give Knight warm approval.

WHETHER the AFL endorsement was the primary factor in Knight's easy election victory over a relatively unknown Democrat, Richard Graves, is strictly a matter for conjecture. Certainly Knight's care not to stray far from the popular Warren line was also important. So were his campaigning abilities, his plentiful funds, the consequent "saturation"



advertising campaign, and the usual semi-blackout of his opponent by California's press. Whatever the reason or reasons for his victory, Knight piled up a 551,000-vote majority in a year when Republicans elsewhere were hard put to survive.

His response has been to bring his policies even closer into line with those originally associated with Warren. Instead of continuing to advocate tax cuts in the face of mounting state expenditures, he did a sharp turnabout and asked a recalcitrant legislature for increases in luxury taxes. He actually got a liquor-tax boost. Instead of continuing to advocate reduction of state spending for crucial services, he recommended budget increases to meet the demands of a growing population, and some were approved. He went along with an urgent program for revising the liquor laws, and in so doing set what seems to be developing into a pattern of behavior on big controversial issues. Let somebody else do the work of establishing the need, proposing a program, and building public support for it; then the governor will provide his blessing in the last stages of the legislative struggle and claim a big share of credit.

This method, while sometimes satisfactory, is sometimes no method at all. The state's most urgent need throughout the Knight administration has been a unified water program that would wrap the problems of flood control, irrigation, metropolitan water supply, and power development into one big legislative package. When the state's disastrous Christmas-week floods struck, the state was no closer to solving its water problems than when Knight took office. He has talked about water and power problems at great length, but as one Sacramento correspondent put it, there were times when it appeared that the governor "might drown in his own confusion."

The Fight with Nixon

As noted before, Knight seems happiest in the chase. And the chase right now is for the Presidency if Eisenhower doesn't seek re-election, perhaps for the Vice-Presidency whether he does or not. Much of the thrill for Knight is being provided by the fact that his archfoe is Richard M. Nixon, and the competition between the men is devoid of political theory. Knight and Nixon have no more argument over issues than any pair of catch-as-catch-can wrestlers. It is interesting to note that each is acting as if he regards the other as the really dangerous competitor. Both appear relatively unworried about Knowland's winning the nomination, convinced in their own minds that he is too steadfastly attached to unpopular principles to be an ultimate threat to suppler men, themselves included.

Knight, of course, is careful not to attribute his dislike of Nixon to political rivalry. What troubles him about Nixon, the governor reports, is the young man's attitude toward Goodwin J. Knight. The governor recalls a number of slights at times when he was prepared to make sacrifices to get along with the Vice-President. The first incident, accord-

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ing to Knight, was when Nixon returned in triumph from the Chicago convention in 1952. Putting aside pique about what he considers Nixon's undercutting of Warren's chances for the Presidential nomination, Knight went to the airport to participate in the greeting ceremony. He was so brusquely treated by Nixon's rather heavy-handed Southern California leaders that he did not meet the Vice-Presidential candidate until later in the day when they were brought together miles away under the auspices of a newspaper that wanted a picture of the two Californians exchanging a handshake.

The grievances also include Nixon's later behavior in Washington. ("I went over to him in the Senate restaurant to say hello," Knight has recalled. "He looked up, said hello and then turned back to the table with one of those 'As I was saying, Senator . . .'") Knight says the Vice-President next snubbed him so plainly at a governors' conference in upstate New York that it was picked up by the press and brought a long-distance apology from Governor Dewey after Knight returned to California. "I told him that he didn't need to apologize for the Vice-President," says Knight. "I told him Nixon is over twenty-one and can speak for himself." Knight was also aggrieved by the fact that although he has often campaigned vigorously for Nixon, the Vice-President has never thanked him for his efforts. He has also said that unlike practically every other of his political associates in California, Nixon neither sent him condolences upon the death of his first wife nor congratulations upon his remarriage several years later. "I don't understand the man," says Knight.

THE JOINING of the political feud did not really take place until the Republican state committee meeting in August, 1954. Knight had made what he considered a firm deal with Murray Chotiner, Nixon's 1952 national campaign manager, on new officers for the state committee. He further had what he considered to be approval from Nixon himself for the deal. But while he was on a yachting honeymoon off the California coast shortly before the meeting, he got word that Nixon forces were conducting a telephone campaign against the staunch Knight backer who was slated to become vice-chairman of the committee, and thus the front-running candidate for state chairman in the all-important year of 1956.

Most of the rest of the honeymooning was at dockside as Knight did some hasty telephone canvassing of his own. Senator Knowland threw his weight on Knight's side and flew to Sacramento to lead the floor fight for the "stop-Nixon" coalition. Knight's man, Howard Ahmanson, a millionaire building-and-loan man, was named by acclamation. The Nixon team then asked Knight to join in a face-saving statement that Nixon had known nothing of the bitter Sacramento factional fight, that the governor had been dealing with Chotiner purely as an individual and not as the Vice-President's representative. "But that's absurd," Knight has said he replied. "Why would I deal with Chotiner as an individual?" The feud has flared into the open again since the Eisenhower heart attack.

KNIGHT now seems to have put Nixon in a most difficult position. As governor, he was long ago named officially by the state committee to set up and head an Eisenhower-pledged delegation in the California primary next June. After the heart attack, however, the governor said that if for any reason Eisenhower decided not to run before the deadline for filing of delegation slates, then the "official slate" would be pledged to Knight himself as a favorite son. At the same time he speculated about leading Presidential candidates, modestly omitting himself and infuriating Nixon's easily infuriated backers by omitting the Vice-President too. Knight, not discomfited at all, conceded that Nixon was certainly a possibility. The name, he indicated, had been omitted by some inadvertence.

Since that time, the delegation's situation has been one long muddle of motive and maneuver. Despite belligerent statements from all three active California candidates' supporters that each, including Knowland, is ready to take on either or both of the others in a free-for-all primary delegation fight, the odds are really against it. The winner (nobody is certain of his probable identity) could expect an unimpressive plurality at best, scarcely enhancing his chances nationally.

The Central Figure

None of the principals will put aside his national ambitions. But it is entirely possible that some compromise might be reached on the composition of the California delegation, either all three agreeing or two forcing the third to decide whether withdrawal or defeat would be more humiliating. Each has been working to achieve a position of maximum strength from which to make some such deal, but, as this is written, time has about run out.

If a deal is to be made at all, it must be consummated this month. Knight is the central figure, for he alone can face the voters as the head of a delegation pledged to him only on a "nominal" basis, but actually split two or three or more ways.

Whatever the outcome—and there may well be an outcome in the days intervening between the writing and the publication of this analysis—Nixon seems likely to have suffered, Knight to have gained. Unless President Eisenhower himself were to bring extraordinary pressure to bear to alter the situation, Nixon's choices are between evils. As the front runner nationally, he cannot take a chance on defeat in a Presidential primary. Because California is his home state, even a narrow plurality would show weakness. Refusal to enter the primary would have the same effect. And the more likely compromises on the delegation, although bringing him some voting strength, would serve as *de facto* recognition that Knight will be an important factor at the national convention.

Knight has already reaped other benefits. He has found public knowledge of his fracas with Nixon a valuable introduction to important Eastern Republicans who dislike or distrust the Vice-President. Whether they are interested in Knight beyond his undoubted usefulness as a "spoiler" remains to be seen. The doughty Governor of California, still trusting his luck, is willing to take that chance.

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The New Soviet Five-Year Plan That May Challenge the West

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

LAST YEAR the U.S.S.R. produced 45 million tons of crude steel while the joint output of West Germany and Great Britain was 41 million tons. Soviet coal mines turned out 390 million tons against 352 mined in Britain and the Federal Republic. The U.S.S.R. generated 166 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity compared with 135 billion produced by the two most highly industrialized nations of western Europe. American production in 1939 was only slightly above the present Soviet level: 394 million tons of coal, 47 million tons of steel, and 161 billion kilowatt-hours of electricity.

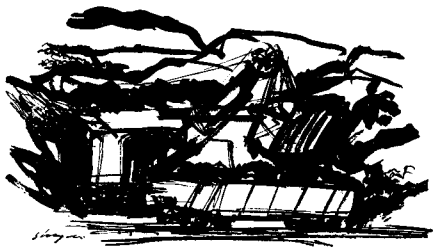
The pride that Soviet economists take in this achievement is understandable. "We are entering upon a stubborn struggle," wrote Professor A. Notkin, a leading Russian economist recently, "in which our objective is to surpass the industrial output of the United States." The new phase of the industrial race is opened with the publication of the draft of the sixth Five-Year Plan, which covers the years 1956-1960 and is to be adopted at the forthcoming congress of the Soviet Communist Party.

The Plan anticipates a rise in real national income by about sixty per cent and a growth of industrial output by sixty-five per cent (seventy per cent in producer goods and sixty in consumer goods). The number of persons employed in industry and in administration (excluding collective farming) is to rise from 48 million to 55. The output of coal and steel is to be increased by about fifty per cent, coal up to nearly 600 million tons, and steel to nearly 70 million tons a year. The production of oil is to be nearly doubled up to 135 million tons, and so is the generation of electricity, which is to reach 320 billion kilowatt-hours. Finally, the engineering industries are expected to double their volume of production.

Structure and Balance

How are these indexes and targets related to Soviet grand strategy, and how are they going to affect the balance of economic power between the Soviet Union and the United States?

It is not easy to give a plain answer to this question. A glance at the latest U.S. production figures



shows that even if the Soviet targets are attained, the output of the Soviet basic industries will in 1960 still be considerably below American output in 1955. True, Russia is almost certain to become the world's largest coal producer within two or three years. This in itself is a historic development—twenty-five years ago Russia produced not more than 35 million tons of coal per year. But the planned production of electricity will still be only a little more than half the American output, and Soviet steel mills will turn out only two-thirds of America's 1955 output. Where the rival powers will stand in relation to each other by 1960 depends on the trend of American business. If American industry continues to expand, Russia's lag will be a long one; but a recession or a slump might enable Russia to catch up with the United States earlier than can now be expected.

However, it would be a mistake to measure the relative economic strengths of the two powers only by the output of their basic industries. The great differences in the structure and balance of the two economies should not be overlooked, differences that are thrown into relief by the continued Soviet emphasis on heavy industry and neglect of light industry.

It is no paradox to say that for industrial purposes one Soviet ton of steel does *not* equal one American ton. A much smaller proportion of each Soviet ton goes to meet consumer needs, to produce private cars, refrigerators, houses, etc., and a much higher proportion is used in engineering plants. Russia has built a disproportionately vast engineering industry on a relatively narrow basis of steel output. The United States probably needs an annual output of 65-70 million tons of steel to support an engineering industry comparable in size and weight to that which the Soviet Union is basing on an output of 45 million tons.

It follows that in 1960, with a steel output of nearly 70 million tons, Soviet engineering should very closely approach the American level. It may even reach it, unless American production grows considerably in the next few years. This is the most dramatic challenge to the United States implied in the new Five-Year Plan: As a machine manufacturer, the U.S.S.R. may well equal the United States at the beginning of the next decade. This may seem a daring assertion. But not long ago many thought it quite impossible that Russia would be able to catch up with Germany and Britain, much less to surpass them rapidly.

The structural disproportions of Soviet industry remain of great importance. While one sector of Soviet industry, engineering (a sector that accounts for fifty per cent of Soviet industrial output), is already so advanced as to be within sight of the American level, the other sectors remain backward in various degrees, and are below, sometimes far below, western European standards.

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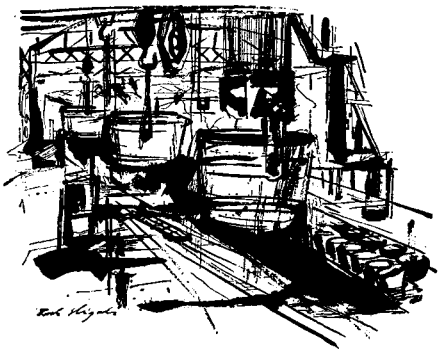
Since Stalin's death Soviet economists have come to face this problem frankly and soberly, insisting that progress should be measured not merely by figures of total output but primarily by output per head of population. By this test the Soviet Union's progress appears, because of its vast population, far less impressive. It still produces only about half the steel that western Europe produces per person, and only a quarter of the American output; the target is to reach the present western European standard by 1960. Only against the background of a most powerful engineering industry could the Soviet Union construct the atomic plants it already possesses. It plans to erect atomic power stations of a total capacity of two or two and a half million kilowatts, more than the United States and Britain together intend to build in the next five years.

The same applies to electricity. Impressive schemes for electrification are a prominent feature of the new Plan. A single grid is to be established for the whole of European Russia. Giant power plants, some with a capacity of over three million kilowatts, are to be erected in Soviet Asia. But when these schemes have been carried out, the supply of electricity per head will still be only 1,400 kilowatt-hours, as much as it is in western Europe now, but less than half of the American supply.

The development of transport does not keep pace with the general industrial progress, and that may turn out to be the Achilles heel of the new Plan. Many new railroad lines are to be laid; old lines are to be modernized and electrified; the steam engine is to go out of production as obsolete. Even so, the railway network will remain far too small in relation to area and population. As far as motor traffic is concerned, the Soviet Union still remains a primitive country of few cars and very few modern roads.

Accent on Housing

The preparation of the Plan was accompanied by continuing attacks on planners who had a pro-consumer bias, and so light industry takes a back seat. The struggle over policy was intense, and may not be quite concluded. Its political implications are large. The anti-consumer bias is evident, but it is less marked than might have been expected. It would be an exaggeration to describe the Plan as a genuine compromise between the "productionist" and the "consumptionist" viewpoints, but the Plan does offer a few concessions to the consumer. The most important of these concerns the housing program. It is on this that the controversy has centered, because housing, more than any other consumer industry, competes heavily with pro-



ducer industries for materials and labor.

Under the Plan 200 million square meters of new urban housing space is to be provided, twice as much as was built in the years 1950-1955. This, however, will not solve the disastrous and chronic housing crisis that has accompanied the whole Revolution. Between 1930 and 1960 the urban population of the Soviet Union will have grown by some 60 million—it has so far grown by nearly 55 million, mostly peasants transferred from the country. The new housing space provided in the course of those thirty years will amount all together to 450 million square meters. Much of this goes to replace the appalling number of urban dwellings destroyed in the last war.

Housing space in the cities and towns is now at the most four to six square meters per person, which means that many workers must be living in barracks. It should be six to nine square meters by 1960. The miseries of such overcrowding will continue to plague the Soviet city dweller until the government decides to tackle the problem in all seriousness. Then it will take at least ten years of intensive slum clearing and of building on a scale ten times larger than the present one before housing attains western standards. Meanwhile, Soviet workers will probably continue to live in slums until the Soviet industrial potential has been developed to an American level.

Which Consumer Goods?

The Plan foreshadows a general rise in the output of manufactured consumer goods by sixty per cent, with and a rise in real wages by thirty per cent and of peasant incomes by forty per cent.

The increase in supply is to come mainly from those consumer industries which can expand with only a minimum of investment and which do not compete with heavy industry for materials. In those consumer industries where higher production would require much new plant and would absorb much steel, progress will be comparatively small. In other words, a marked improvement is planned in food and clothing, but not in so-called consumer goods.

Even by 1960 only 650,000 motor vehicles are to be produced annually. Of these only 100,000 to 150,000 will be passenger cars; the rest will be trucks. Thus only three to four per cent of Soviet people will possess private cars.

Though the output of refrigerators is to be increased fourfold, only one family in a thousand will be able to install one in its kitchen. Six times as many washing machines are to be produced in 1960 as in 1955, yet not even one housewife in a thousand will have the chance of obtaining a machine.

Against this must be set the very considerable improvement in food and clothing. This is indeed the first decade in which the standard of living of the Soviet working class has been rising steeply, the first after a frightful depression that lasted nearly twenty years, from 1930 till 1950, when the Soviet worker bore the brunt of industrialization, armament, and war.

The consumption of meat in Soviet towns (rural consumption is not assessed statistically) is to be about 1.5 pounds per person per week—it was only about half a pound five years ago and is a little above one pound at present. It remains to be seen how the agricultural schemes launched in recent years work out in practice, whether the virgin soils plowed up in the east yield the ex-

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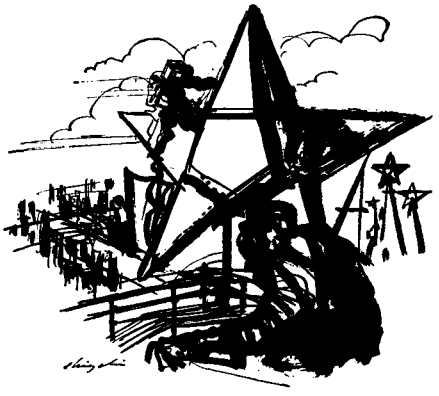
pected crops, whether the kolkhozes really take to the cultivation of North American corn advocated by Khrushchev, and whether cattle stocks grow sufficiently to support higher nutritional standards. But it seems that the government is anxious to honor this promise to the consumer even in case of a partial failure in farming.

The supply of cotton goods, which was only twenty yards per person in 1950 and about twenty-five yards in 1955, is to reach about thirty-two yards in 1960, approximately the British standard. Consumption of woolen fabrics will remain far below the British and American levels but not much below the French or the German. The output of footwear, which is now 1.5 pairs of shoes per person per year, is to rise to more than two pairs, which is roughly the British proportion. This is a remarkable achievement for a nation which was traditionally barefoot and which some twenty years ago produced annually not more than one pair of shoes per three or four persons.

There is thus an extremely uneven tempo in the development of the various items that make up the standard of living of a modern nation. There is a relative abundance of essentials, except for housing, and there is a continued scarcity of the amenities. On the whole, the second strongest industrial nation of the world is still living a Spartan life, without the luxuries and most of the semi-luxuries of our civilization. However, a people with a strong and still recent peasant background is sure to appreciate the marked improvement in feeding and clothing and will hardly miss the more technical refinements of life. The new Plan undoubtedly gives the Soviet people the exhilarating sense of a tremendous social advance.

The Plan for Education

Nowhere is this advance as striking as in the new educational program. In the course of the next five years obligatory secondary education is to become nearly universal, in the country as well as in the cities. The number of schools to be built is twice as large as that of the years 1950-1955, and nearly four times as large as in 1945-1950, although educational building enjoyed a very high priority even then. More important still, fees for higher secondary and academic education are to be abolished. It will be remembered that the Revolution had promised free education for all and the abolition of school fees. But the Bolshevik government was not able to keep that promise. There were not enough schools, not enough teachers, not enough textbooks, not enough educational equipment. In 1940, Stalin reintroduced school fees. His critics denounced the act as a betrayal of the Revolution and a measure designed to perpetuate the privileges of a minority which alone could afford to give its children higher education. The abolition of fees is therefore a landmark in the social evolution of post-Stalin Russia. Higher education is to cease to be a privilege for the few, and the social and educational barrier between bureaucracy, labor aristocracy, and the mass of workers will be lowered.



This expansion of the educational system serves primarily the needs of Russia's industrial ascendancy. The bias of education is predominantly technological. The secondary school is reverting to the classical Marxian conception of "polytechnical" education and seeks to combine instruction, scientific training, and training in labor skills. The number of specialists to graduate from secondary and academic schools is to be nearly doubled. As Sir Francis Simon, professor of thermodynamics at Oxford, has declared recently, the number of students entering Soviet technical schools is greater "than in the whole non-Communist world." Facilities for adult education are similarly extensive, for it is the purpose of Soviet labor policy to transform the bulk of the working class into skilled laborers.

Apart from "ideological" considerations, this policy is dictated by the state of Soviet manpower and by technological needs. The U.S.S.R. has not yet recovered from the manpower losses it suffered in the Second World War. The wartime fall in the birth rate will soon make itself felt and will be reflected in a decreasing influx of fresh labor to industry. The late 1950's and early 1960's will be critical years in this respect. The deficit can be made good only by increasing the efficiency of the existing labor force. The fear of a shortage of manpower acts as a strong stimulus for laborsaving and in particular for automation.

The average productivity of the Soviet worker is still greatly inferior to American productivity, but Soviet industry evidently hopes to bridge this gap by pressing ahead with automation. How seriously this problem is tackled is evidenced by the setting up of a special Ministry for Automation.

Soviet industry enjoys one decisive advantage: Its workers, unlike workers of the West, are not afraid of the unemployment that may result from radical laborsaving operations.

Automation, however, demands an industrial labor force of superior technical knowledge and efficiency, and it threatens to make of many unskilled and semiskilled workers sad survivals of a bygone era. Any nation that fails to gear up its educational system and industrial-training schemes to the new structure of industry, which is now beginning to take shape, is in danger of falling by the wayside in the economic race. This idea obviously inspires the educational program that forms an integral part of the Five-Year Plan.

In addition, Soviet schools and universities are training the technicians who are to carry the industrial revolution not only to the remotest corners of Soviet Asia but also to Manchuria, to Sinkiang, beyond the Yangtze, and also to eastern Europe. The broader and unmistakable purpose of the Plan is to enhance enormously the Soviet Union's position as the industrial workshop—and the arsenal—of the entire Soviet bloc.

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West Germany's Army: Something New, Something Old

PAUL MOOR

BONN

WEST GERMANY'S new armed forces, which officially came into existence on January 2, arrived in the world on tippy-toe, timorous as deer, as if they expected rocks to be thrown at them from every dark and unfriendly corner. This attitude can be attributed partially to that poignant self-sympathizing of the outcast in which so many Germans have reveled these past ten years, but partially also to a concrete awareness that public rejoicing over once again having armed forces is far from unanimous.

In Andernach, the ancient town on the Rhine where the new Wehrmacht's first garrison is located, the townspeople's attitudes ran quite a gamut. Proprietors of some public places met soldiers with the chilly announcement that their patronage was not desired. Teen-age boys, with a hostile eye to the future draft, hurled some pungent insults. On New Year's Eve, in my hotel in Andernach, a group of civilian-clad soldiers was approached by a dignified, embittered old gentleman who dampened their singing of *"O du Schöner Westerwald"* by saying quietly, "First bring my son and my nephews back from Russia, and then you can start marching and saluting and singing again."

The equivalent of American draft boards' "Greetings" had been a polite letter requesting the recipient, one of the 172,000 volunteers available, to present himself at Andernach—or at Wilhelmshaven for sailors or at Norvenich for airmen—by 10 A.M. on January 2. About a thousand did so, half of them at Andernach. The event was noteworthy, for at Christmas Week the total number of West Germans in uniform had been 718, or 337 less than the number of Defense Ministry employees in civvies. By January 15, a thousand men were stationed at Andernach alone; those 172,000 who had volunteered by the end of 1955—98,000 of them former noncoms—obviously were not going to have too much longer to wait if this rate of increase continued.

With Fingers in Ears . . .

January 2 at Andernach left one with the impression that the Bonn authorities, knowing their new creation would inevitably attract attention, rendered it as unexplosive as possible and then, with fingers in ears, closed their eyes and covered their heads. Nowhere was a full uniform to be seen, and only after much persuasion did a major allow a single grinning youngster get into

one, complete with helmet and rifle, for the benefit of a photographer. There were no ceremonies, no speeches, no parades. Ordinary duties were canceled for the day, so there was not even any drilling to see. In strict secrecy, a group of forty soldiers had been practicing twice a day to act as honor guard at what was to be the new army's formal debut, the New Year reception of the Bonn diplomatic corps, but these plans were later canceled when President Theodor Heuss said he thought it "not fitting" to have an honor guard from an army less than a week old. The debut was pushed back to January 20, the date of Konrad Adenauer's first visit to Andernach. By this time, presumably, the world would again be sufficiently accustomed to the actuality of German armed forces for all wraps to be removed.

It has been dizzying to be here and watch how swiftly all this materialized, and how subtly publicity has built up an almost daily increasing public tolerance, so that by the middle of January it seemed preposterous that all this had not been there at all two weeks before.

But however well organized the operation was, its materialization was marked by many a snafu. The advance party of about fifty-five men at Andernach in December had not even had a kitchen at first. There still, as of Christmas Week, were no weapons. (The second week of January, however, saw the arrival in Andernach of an Essen-born American major with four other American officers and twenty-five enlisted men; they were soon followed by two tanks, two artillery pieces, and two heavy mortars, all American.) Neither were there any complete uniforms, or any of the printed forms without which any army atrophies and petrifies, or, for that matter, even enough places for the men then on hand to sit down.

FOUR TRAINING units arrived at Andernach on January 2, along with a band and a military police group. These four outfits will comprise platoons representing all ramifications of the future army—armor, artillery, anti-aircraft, and so on. After three months' basic training, the platoons will be dispersed among various other camps that will by then have come into being, where they will serve as cadres for future battalions.

The transfer from planning board to reality, not yet entirely a *fait accompli*, has at times been beset by formidable harassments. One serious snag came up when some of the former generals in the Blank Office (the predecessor of the Defense Ministry and so called after Theodor Blank, its chief), who had previously been red hot for reviving the army at the earliest possible date and had hoped to obtain commissions themselves, learned to their shock that their salaries on active duty would be rather less than they were getting in the Ministry. The generals' eagerness abruptly turned tepid, not to say stone cold. The resultant organizational hold up so that this inequity should be rectified had much to do with the fact that even five

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months after ratification of the Volunteer Law, the Defense Ministry's garage in Bonn was still large enough to house the attending commissioning ceremonies, and that the end of 1955 found only two-thirds as many men in uniform as in Defense Ministerial chair-borne positions.

At one point, NATO could not believe that the delay bespoke any interior sluggishness but rather that Blank and Adenauer, out of political considerations, *wanted* to go slow. When knowledge of this misapprehension reached Bonn, Adenauer's indignant Cabinet, whose members had long since begun to wonder whether Blank's abilities were equal to his undertaking, abruptly ordered him into high gear. He was instructed to take sixteen thousand men from the Bundesgrenzschutz (the Border Guard, which we were told until recently would never supply cadres for a new Wehrmacht) and convert them into cadres for four motorized army divisions. This put Blank and his group of planners on a nasty spot. If they refused the Border Guard, they might shortly find themselves with little to hold but a sack, while if they acquiesced, it would be an admission that the Blank group had failed in its boasted ability to build a completely new type of army from the ground up.

The Personnel Committee

The greatest obstacle yet to arise in the creation of the new Wehrmacht is the Personalgutachterausschuss, the Personnel Committee set up several months ago by the Bundestag to screen and pass judgment on generals and colonels proposed by the Defense Ministry for recall to active duty as the vanguard of the new army. Even since it became clear that despite all opposition Germany was once again going to have an army, there has been concern to exclude from its ranks any old soldiers whose thinking and behavior patterns could lead the development of the newly "uniformed citizens" (a current phrase) in a dangerous direction. The Committee was the result of this concern—a committee to be composed of persons of unquestionable integrity and lofty standards of judgment, who would keep vigil over the appointment of officers to command the new army.

The Olympians who compose the board, thirty-eight in number, have at their head Wilhelm Rombach, once Oberbürgermeister of Aachen. Eight of the members were formerly either generals or admirals, and six more held the rank of major or higher.

The Committee has to date approved the appointment of two hundred senior officers endorsed and proposed for commissions by the Defense Ministry. It has also flatly rejected some of the Ministry's candidates, however, and the indignation in the Defense Ministry has brought tempers to a boil in such profusion as Bonn has seldom seen.

The prevalent view seems to be that the necessity for the existence of such an authority must be blamed on the swiftness with which cold-war history has moved in the past few years, combined with Chancellor Adenauer's corresponding hurry to get Germany rearmed at all costs —a case of exigency not dissimilar to the slam-bang way Bonn's military Volunteer Law was bulldozed through the Bundestag just before the Big Four sat down to open the Geneva "Summit" Conference last July. The Socialists, who had led the opposition to rearmament, finally had to accept the reality that the new army was about to materialize, and the Personnel Committee was their compromise in the face of the inevitable.

THE FORM the Committee would take was sketched out literally overnight by three Socialist Bundestag delegates and a military adviser. Into its structure went two sweeping authorizations: No high military appointments whatsoever would be allowed without the Committee's approval; and the Committee would itself formulate its methods of operating. It was, in other words, empowered to give itself *carte blanche*, which is just what it did.

A candidate's military qualifications do not concern the Committee; it assays only his personal character and his political coloration as manifest by his past activities. According to the law that created it, the Committee "will refuse its approval to a candidate when facts are established the interpretation of which indicates a negative decision. Especially to be considered will be the candidate's history during the Third Reich, his deportment as a prisoner of war, his activities after the capitulation, etc., his position with regard to democracy, etc."

This half-unbuttoned sort of language has recently brought a glint of wild surmise to the eyes of some of the Committee's more legalistically minded critics, and it is by no means sure that it could justify its existence if made to face a really closely reasoned juridical attack.

The Committee's most vulnerable point is its members' insistence not only that their approval or disapproval be absolutely final, subject to appeal only in cases where extraordinary new evidence comes to light, but also that their reasons for their decisions remain secret even to the candidate who has been turned down.

Split with the Ministry

The Personnel Committee's trust in the Ministry's advance screening of candidates underwent its first considerable reappraisal when its members were deliberating upon the qualifications of a gentleman represented by the Ministry's own recommendation as a former colonel, a general staff officer, presently employed in a directorial position at a large automobile plant. It took only cursory effort on the part of the Committee to ascertain that the man was none of these. The incident expired amidst a storm of Ministerial throat clearing, but the Committee's confidence in the Ministry's standards was severely shaken and its interest in future bearers of the Ministry's blessing became more critical.

The schism was brought to a point somewhere between passive resistance and cold war by the Committee's action on General Adolf Heu-

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singer, whom Blank wanted to head the new armed forces with a full general's four stars on his shoulders. Heusinger was Chief of Operations on Hitler's staff; this in itself does not necessarily indicate questionable political orientation, but there are a few other odd items among his souvenirs. For one thing, since 1945 he has gone to considerable length to berate Hitler for the inept strategy that frustrated the Wehrmacht's total destruction of the British forces at Dunkirk. For another, he testified at the 1946 Nuremberg trials that he was fully informed of Nazi murders of Slavs and Jews, and that he had opposed these measures as "a military foolishness, for they unnecessarily hampered the fight of our troops against the enemy."

The sad truth is that as available generals in the Federal Republic go, Heusinger isn't so evil by comparison. The Committee, however, after poking into his past and nervously agreeing that "personal recommendation of General Heusinger for a high position of leadership . . . cannot be disputed," dropped its first bomb: General Heusinger, it said, could not have four stars, but three; furthermore, he was "not suitable as Commander in Chief either of the armed forces or of the army." Sides were instantly and clearly drawn. Blank and Heusinger felt personally slandered, and most of their cohorts sided with them against the Committee.

THE CRUX of the present impasse between Ministry and Committee arises from two facts: Since the Heusinger incident the Committee accuses Ministerial officials of resentfully and deliberately suppressing evidence in connection with Ministry-backed candidates, and insists further that it should have the right to decide not only whether but also *how* a candidate may be used by the new army.

The attacks upon the Committee during the past weeks have shed far more heat than light. Investigation shows that despite the Committee's Jovian attitude toward justifying its decisions, the men it has turned down are not, as far as the facts are now known, types to make the humanitarian heart bleed. Although the Committee members are sworn to secrecy, only a two-thirds majority is necessary for a decision, and in every rejection to date the dissenters have proved a willing source of information.

The Adaptable Colonel Fett

Another case is worth delineating in some detail, for its protagonist is a man to watch in Bonn. Colonel Kurt Fett from the beginning was an unusually sharp officer, with a fine reputation for initiative and accomplishment. At the time of the attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944, Fett's immediate superior was Major General Helmut Stieff, who obtained the explosive used in making the assassins' bomb. Stieff was hanged. So were about five thousand persons more before the Gestapo's blood bath subsided. And yet, whereas other officers as closely connected with conspirators as Fett was with Stieff were brutally interrogated for weeks on end, Fett was forthwith promoted to the position of his late superior. This alone, in the view of the Committee, was grounds for reasonable doubt as to his opposition to Nazism.

The Committee took further exception to his conduct during an incident while he was on the P.O.W. staff of a British camp, when a group of British military policemen unceremoniously relieved General von Manstein of his Feld Marshal's baton, and Fett failed to react with what the Committee felt to be the requisite *Kameradschaft*. An interesting aspect of Fett's case is that he quickly impressed the Blank Office with his initiative and became head of the staff of that office's military section. As such he was cleared by the Allied security authorities of NATO for access to all NATO secrets available to West Germany. He was also one of Blank's most intimate and important Ministerial associates.

In spite of all this and in spite of Blank's personal urging, the Committee has prohibited Fett from becoming an officer—not only a direct slap at Blank but also a serious indirect rebuff to those Allied security outfits which cleared him for NATO. Fett remains in the Ministry, but as a civilian; and Blank, in response to repeated demands that he himself resign out of solidarity with his employees, has thus far turned a stubbornly deaf ear.

THE PRESENT fracas between Blank and the Committee, which developed from a tiff into a Donnybrook in a matter of mere weeks, is generally interpreted here as an example of how Blank's once firm position in Defense affairs has gone almost totally to pot. At the moment he lacks the strength and security to demand an immediate showdown with the Committee. It is common knowledge in Bonn that Adenauer has lost patience with him. This is partly due to Blank's predestined failure to measure up to Adenauer's naïve and unfair expectation that the old trade-unionist could engineer the consent of the West German trade unions to the cause of rearmament—a cause to which they still remain almost violently opposed.

Adenauer did try to cover up Blank's ineptitude in securing enlistments by himself getting the Border Guard set for transfer into the new army, but there has been serious talk that Adenauer himself favors a plan whereby Blank would be kicked upstairs to the Labor Ministry and the Defense Ministry would be turned over to Gerhard Schröder (now Minister of Interior) and the staff of Border Guard officers now under him. However, chances of this taking place before the next Bundestag elections are slim, since such an act would be an open admission that Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union, which controls every important post in the Defense Ministry from Minister down, has bungled the job of bringing the new army into existence.

A SHOWDOWN in the tug of war between Theodor Blank and the Personnel Committee cannot be far distant. Neither is without weaknesses. Blank most recently put his foot in it when invitations went out for Adenauer's January 20 visit to Andernach, and the Bundestag announced in high dudgeon that its presidium had received none. The Committee has announced that it will screen all Border Guard generals and colonels requesting transfer to the new Army. This, runs the general feeling here, is it; these officers

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were long since personally endorsed as reliable democrats by the Minister of Interior and appointed by the Federal President himself. It seems a tragic shame that the Committee, because of overzealous methods, should bring itself so close to the point of dissolution, for at the moment it is the only body constituted to sift the present candidates and prevent the new army from becoming colored by the sort of Prussian harshness and personal negation that turned the pre-1945 Wehrmacht into an unreasoning, if brutally efficient, fighting machine.

Swastikas and Nazi Drawers

At Andernach today, the first units are even without training fields —the troops have to go to Koblenz or Duisdorf for such facilities. A curious sort of frontier atmosphere is prevalent. The Mainz *Allgemeine Zeitung* the other day published a letter from a former lieutenant colonel, now a textile salesman, in which he heroically attacked the new Wehrmacht's underwear—more specifically, its drawers. "They are," he intoned, "totally unusable, since they restrict bodily freedom of movement in a manner totally inadmissible for underdrawers." He closes with the apocalyptic question, "If nothing has been learned even about underdrawers, what can be expected of the new army's interior structure?"

However much of the ramrod rigidity so characteristic of the old Wehrmacht may eventually establish itself in the new, this sort of thing has as yet taken a surprisingly mild form. The Munich *Süddeutsche Zeitung* reports that the first professional corporal of the new army, a twenty-nine-year-old Bavarian named Teddy Schulte, sports a splendid full black beard and quotes him as saying, "The beard stays, I say—if I'm a citizen in uniform, I want to know it." His commanding officer's reaction thus far has been only a nonchalant observation that the first poison-gas drill should decide whether Corporal Schulte prefers to retain his beaver or get his gas mask on properly.

At the moment, thanks to the speed with which all this has come about, the men of the German Army wear uniforms not yet either allowed or prohibited by law, their design as yet unregistered. The old Allied order prohibiting the wearing of German military decorations no longer obtains, and until a new order is formulated in Bonn, there is nothing to prevent the wearing even of those generously bedecked with swastikas. The situation is so fluid that, as one journalist here speculated the other day, if some prankster were to get himself done up with the decorations and uniform of a four-star general and march upon the Bundestag, probably the only thing he could be prosecuted for would be creating a nuisance.

The Big Stick Reappears

Only two weeks after the new armed forces had officially materialized, all the rather touching timorousness and eagerness to please which had characterized those first winsome baby steps were erased from one's memory by three almost simultaneous events. A group of men emphatically stated by the Russians to be not war prisoners but war criminals arrived back in West Germany. The group included high SS officers responsible for massacres of partisans, and part of the staff of the Sachsenhausen extermination camp. The men were informed they might face retrial, but that at least they were no under *German* law—whereupon they were given the three hundred marks customary for all returnees and turned loose.

Then Captain Zencker, head of the Defense Ministry's naval section, visited the Naval Academy at Wilhelmshaven and, with Theodor Blank present, extolled to the young members of the new democratic

AND IN EAST GERMANY . . .

East Germany already possesses a Communist-led military force that according to latest report embraces almost 250,000 men. On January 18 the East German "parliament" unanimously voted to regularize it by calling it the "People's National Army," and nine days later the new defense organization was integrated into the satellite armed forces of the Warsaw bloc and placed under the command of Marshal Ivan Konev, chief of the Communist counterpart of SHAPE.

¶ *Make-up:* A cadre of 100,000 men in the "People's Police," highly trained, rigidly disciplined, assembled into garrisons and formed into army divisions; 60,000 men in the garrisoned, political State Police or Staatssicherheitsdienst (successor to the "SD" of Nazi days); 70,000 members of the "Combat Groups" of the Socialist Unity Party, who receive military training but are not uniformed or garrisoned, and whose organization is best described in terms of the Russian revolutionary tradition of an "armed workers' militia."

¶ *Armament:* "People's Police" equipment includes many Soviet T-34 tanks (somewhat outmoded, but the most successful medium tanks of the Second World War, and a scourge in Korea), and newer models are now being delivered. Selected cadres have been trained in Soviet jets, artillery units, and naval vessels.

¶ *Leadership:* Veteran Communist diehards and underground veterans such as Heinz Hoffman (former commander of the second International Brigade in Spain, and now chief of the entire armed forces command) share dominance with a group of former Nazi officers who, as Soviet prisoners after Stalingrad, formed the "National Committee for Free Germany." Most prominent of these is former Lieutenant General Vincenz Mueller, once commander of the XII Corps and today chief of staff in the Strausberg headquarters where the "National People's Army" is being forged. Also prominent is Chief Inspector Herbert Gruenstein, chief of the entire East German police organization, who from 1933 to 1936 was a courier between Moscow and the illegal Communist Party in Germany and now serves as the top civilian link between party and armed forces. A group of two or three dozen former Nazi officers assist him.

¶ *Uniform:* While Bonn's first recruits are wearing un-Prussian dress and American helmets, the "People's Police" first appeared in Soviet-style uniforms but has since reverted in an open appeal to nationalism and tradition to the old German uniform, jack boots and all. Symbols and memories connected with Hitler's army are being appropriated in East Germany as part of its defense against what it calls West German militarism and imperialism.

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navy "the honorable tradition of the former navy." After a ceremony honoring the German Navy's dead of the Second World War, he said, "We older ones, who served under Grand Admiral Raeder and Grand Admiral Doenitz, served honorably under them." The Nuremberg verdicts, he said, arose from that period's confusion and disorder. Today, said the Captain, the *Grossadmirale* would not be condemned. Replying to a question as to whether it is honorable to go into the Navy as long as the former High Commander (Doenitz) is still imprisoned as a war criminal, Captain Zencker said that the danger of war still existed, and that seen from the viewpoint of mutual defense of freedom, it was only proper for Germany once again to raise armed forces.

On the heels of these lapidary remarks came an announcement that Adenauer's party, the C.D.U., was demanding the release of about 150 German war criminals, the last still held by the Allies. With a big stick once again in hand or at least in sight, West Germany's years of walking softly had apparently come to a very abrupt end. It was especially abrupt when one recalled the reluctance of the Andernach major to expose a fully uniformed soldier to public view only two short weeks before.

AMIDST all the panoply connected with the simultaneous rebirth of West Germany's Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe, and Marine at one fell swoop, it would perhaps not be unfitting, especially with a thought to any possible future guilt we might have to bear over having rearmed Germany or any after-the-fact pontification about "German militarism," to listen for just a moment to the still, small voice of those outside the Bundestag who had no direct word in deciding whether they wanted to be rearmed or not. In November, the public-opinion poll E.M.N.I.D. asked a large cross section of West German women, who have always cheerfully admitted to a strong sentimental weakness for uniforms, this question: "Do you want your son or your husband to serve in the new army?" Eighty-five per cent of them voted "No."

Carpentry, Typing, And a Little Shakespeare

HANNAH LEES

JULIUS WEBBER is principal of Upper Belfield Senior High. Mr. Webber's name is fictional and so is the name of the school, but there the fiction ends. Upper Belfield, one of the biggest high schools in a big Eastern city, is about average academically. There are half a dozen or so other high schools in other parts of town with considerably higher standards, and the two special high schools for superior students siphon off some three thousand of the brightest boys and girls. But there are a good half dozen other high schools with considerably lower standards.

Mr. Webber has been at the school for twenty-six years. For twenty years —1922 to 1942—he taught English there. Then for nine years he was head of the English department in another school at the opposite end of town. Four years ago he came back to Upper Belfield as principal. He is a gentle, erudite-looking man with an A.B. degree from a scholarly Quaker college—he specialized in Shakespeare—and an M.A. from Harvard. He is not a Quaker himself but a Presbyterian. Here is what he has to say about his job:

"We average around twenty-seven hundred students. This year it is close to twenty-eight hundred. That doesn't seem many to me. I remember back to the 1920's when we were teaching six thousand in this same school—on two shifts of course. But it's a big school, a block long. Come look." Out in the hall we peered down long corridors stretching in both directions.

"It's an old school, built in 1910." Mr. Webber smiled. "Did you notice the word GIRLS carved in the stone over the door at the east end and BOYS carved over the door at the west end? They really separated them in those days. Look out the window here. See those scattered frosted panes on what used to be the boys' side. They are left over from when all the panes were frosted so the boys couldn't even look over at the girls. I guess we've made progress in some ways. One reason we're not so crowded now is that a couple of new schools have been built south and west of us. They're beautiful buildings, those new schools, but I don't know that the students learn any more there. You can't teach a building, you know."

"WHAT proportion of Upper Belfield students go to college?" I asked. Mr. Webber's face lit up. Even when he is smiling the principal looks a little melancholy and more than a little tired. He is a tall, spare man with a long, rather jowly face—

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the kind people who like to compare people with dogs would say had the look of a mastiff. He is not young. He could not be and have been around as long as he has. But when he is enthusiastic his melancholy turns to warmth and something like tenderness.

"Close to fifty per cent," he replied. "We've a good many superior students. Wait, I'll give you the exact figures." He shuffled through some papers. "Forty-two per cent asked for college transcripts in 1954. Forty-nine per cent asked for them last year. That's of the college preparatory group, of course, not the whole student body. We have nine hundred in the college preparatory sections this year. Many more of our students *could* take college preparatory work but choose the business course instead. We've about a thousand enrolled in the business course, a good many more girls than boys. The girls know the big companies are after them, you see. They can go right out of the business course here and get jobs at $45 and $50 a week—more if they can pass civil-service examinations, as a good many of them do. We try to get them to go on and take nursing, but most of them think the training is too hard. Going right from school into business, they start earning good money and"—he smiled dryly—"get into circulation."

Diluted Academics

I asked if he thought the academic standards were lower than they used to be. Mr. Webber's gentle face suddenly took on a bitter expression. "Not in the college preparatory group. Their standards are higher, if anything. But of course over-all standards are lower. They are bound to be in any general high school today. That is something the public simply can't seem to get through its head.

"Fifty years ago when I was in grade school—it was a poor neighborhood but not really underprivileged—I was the only boy to go on to high school. One other boy went on to manual-training school. The rest went right to work. Even twenty-five years ago only the fairly bright students finished high school. But today the law requires that all boys and girls in the state go to high school till seventeen, whether they can learn or not, whether they want to learn or not. It is completely unrealistic to keep saying 'teaching has changed, academic standards have changed.' It is the student body that has changed. We get boys and girls who can't read, who can't add or subtract. We give them remedial work, of course, but sometimes we graduate them when they still can't read or do sums. It's been the policy for some time, you know, not to keep a student back just because he can't do the work.

"What do we give them? Well, whatever they can handle, and sometimes it isn't much. There is no sense in trying to teach the fine points of 'shall' and 'will' to someone who doesn't see anything wrong with 'I ain't got none.' So we give them mechanical arts and home economics. If they are talented we give them music or vocational art—posters, lettering, simple illustration, and so forth.

"Not that there aren't really bright students in all these groups—some of them are there because they just don't *want* to work hard at school and because their parents want them to have a practical education. But on the whole they aren't apt to be intellectuals. If we give them academic subjects we sort of dilute them—applied chemistry, for instance, instead of general chemistry. In applied chemistry they learn that Clorox, say, is a chemical and the opposite from an acid; they learn about detergents and cleaning fluid. But it doesn't really make sense diluting academic subjects for youngsters who aren't fitted for academic work, and a good many of the students we get here just aren't.

The 'Dummy' Stigma

"What we really need, you know, is not more special schools for especially bright students but more special schools for the students who can't learn. With special teachers and special techniques they could learn a lot more than they do. But do you know why we don't have schools like that? The parents won't stand for it. We can't even have sections like that. 'I don't want my boy in that group,' they say. 'Everyone knows that's for dummies. You put him in the regular section. He'll make out.' So we put him in the regular section and he fails. We know he's going to fail."

Mr. Webber smiled wearily. "A couple of years ago we tried having a separate section for the ones who just couldn't seem to learn. We called it the 'achievement group' to keep the parents comfortable. They'd have done much better with the special teaching we were working out. But the parents still wouldn't have it. It's going to have to come, though. There isn't any other answer.

"You know one thing these slow learners can often learn successfully? Spanish. They sometimes make amazing progress, and it gives them a real lift, when they have been regularly failing in English and

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algebra, to be able to talk to their classmates in a foreign language. We make a big thing of language here. Every one of the college preparatory students takes three years of language: Latin or French or Spanish. We've a fine language-department head, and then we have Mrs. Cooper who works with the student government. There she is in there, looking at records." He nodded toward a brisk, warm-faced woman with braids around her head who was delving into a file in the next room. "She teaches Spanish. It's become a big part of our school life!

Interracial Government

"We have a very active student government and the students do a good job of governing themselves. They get along fine. I suppose it's surprising, for there is a pretty sharp residential division outside the school. If you stand at the southeast corner of the school at quarter to nine any morning and watch the students coming in you'll think it's an all-Negro school. If you stand at the northwest corner you'll think its an all-white school. But once inside you wouldn't know there was an interracial problem. Now and then people from one of the fellowship or brotherhood groups want to come and talk to the students. I know they want to be helpful but I'm not sure they are. The kids don't really like it. I've heard them say, 'Problems? We don't have any problems. We get along fine.' I think they do too. We've had a Negro president of the student council. There are always Negro boys and girls in the student government.

"I can't tell you the precise ethnic make-up of the school. I don't know it myself. We're not allowed to record race or religion today, you know. I'd say we have roughly forty per cent Negroes and maybe thirty per cent Jewish. There are two big Catholic high schools a couple of blocks away, one for boys and one for girls, so we don't have many Catholic students. The rest are assorted Protestants."

Wasn't Upper Belfield, I asked, just a few blocks from the neighborhood where interracial teen-age warfare had broken out last year between Negro and white gangs armed with knives? Mr. Webber nodded. "But we never saw them here in school," he said. "They were mostly girls and boys beyond the school-age limit who had left school but probably couldn't get regular jobs. They are the young people who aren't really fitted for school work and whom we don't really equip for any job.

"MAYBE there should be more rather than fewer trade schools. Maybe we should go back to the apprentice system. We try to give them all we can, all they can take. We know high school is the end of the road for them and anything they don't get now they never will get. But a lot of them are just marking time. The day they are seventeen we never see them again. About 120 dropped out in the course of last year. But that is nothing compared to the big exodus at the end of the tenth grade and again at the end of the eleventh.

"Right now, for example, we have 1,240 enrolled in the tenth grade, 900 in the eleventh grade, and 550 in the twelfth. That 1,240 will be down to five hundred and something by the time the class graduates. You see what happens? The minute they are seventeen they just quit. And then it's supposed to be the fault of the school for not giving a more stimulating curriculum.

"The school, you see, is right in the middle. We can't make a scholar out of a youngster with an I.Q. under 100, but we have to give him something to keep him busy until he is seventeen. The labor market, except the big business offices, doesn't really want them even at seventeen. The labor unions are the loudest supporters of a school age up to eighteen, but I'm not always sure they are as concerned over what is good for the youngster as over whether the boys and girls might take jobs away from their members.

Ph.D. or Cadillac?

"There is another angle to this so-called lowering of standards in the school. Ever hear of motivation? Well, there isn't much in our life today, is there, to make youngsters want to learn—learn intellectually, that is. I had a boy say to me just last month, 'I don't need to know nuttin to get a good job. My old man don't know nuttin and he makes a hundert, a hundert and twenty-five a week driving a truck.' I tried to tell him what you had to know to drive a truck: keeping track of merchandise, supervising loading and unloading, checking it in and out. He just laughed at me. 'All my old man does is back his truck up in Camden, drive it to Baltimore, and back it up again there. He don't know nuttin about that stuff. He don't need to. I don't need to neither. I can get a good job.' " Dr. Webber shrugged.

"And it goes away beyond that. I was talking to one of our former students the other day, one of the dropouts. He's a bricklayer. I asked him if he didn't ever wish he'd gone on through school, bricklaying being a seasonal job. 'Well,' he told me, 'even allowing for seasonal lay-

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offs, any bricklayer who's willing to work reasonably hard can make about eight thousand a year.'

"We know a lot of our slow learners are going to end up making quite a lot of money and they all have a vote. We try to make good citizens out of them and I think we mostly do. Not through classes in civics—through living it. But they don't have to *read* today to get along. They can listen to it or they can watch it. And which would most people rather have their daughter marry today, a man with a Ph.D. or a man with a Cadillac?

"ANYTHING that's wrong with our life today, people expect the schools to fix. They expect us to make bright youngsters out of slow learners just by keeping them in school a few extra years. But frankly, the average American isn't equipped to go to college, and we're going to have to stop pretending that he is. They expect us to give every student a yearning for the intellectual life. I wish we could, but everything in his life outside school pushes him first and foremost toward making money. The teachers here are wonderful. They're ready and eager to give any student anything he's willing to learn. We've ninety teachers besides the department heads. There are from twenty-eight to thirty-five students to a class, which isn't bad. We are constantly suggesting to parents who had never considered it that their son or daughter ought to go to college.

"We 'push' learning all the time. The school system does too—as much as it can in the face of the thousands of compulsory high-school students who need something besides what we call learning. I don't mean I'm opposed to compulsory high-school education; I can see we have to have it. Only it makes problems—new problems—and I don't think people think about that.

Problem Homes

"If a youngster is what people call a delinquent, the school is blamed for that too, but we can't combat in six hours a day all that happens in the other eighteen hours.

"Practically every problem boy or girl we have comes from a home where there's no father, or a new father, or a mother who is working for what I call bad reasons. We had an Italian boy who was really giving us a hard time last year. We found he was sleeping in the same room with his mother and his stepfather. Another boy here had a police record. He stole—overcoats mostly, and wore them around for anyone to see. You'd think a mother would notice if her boy was wearing an overcoat that wasn't his. But this boy's mother was never home. Her husband was a coppersmith, and that's a highly specialized and well-paying trade. But the mother wanted new furniture, so she worked instead of keeping an eye on her kids. There it is again—money comes first.

"A lot of these problem students are bright enough but rank along

with the slow learners. 'Won't-learners,' I call them. They test just as low as the slowest learners, but we can tell the difference." Mr. Webber grinned suddenly. "Once I was teaching spelling to a group of slow learners and, trying to make it simple, I left out the exceptions when I told them the rule of 'I' before 'E.' A boy in the back of the class who 'didn't know nuttin' raised his hand. 'What about 'seize'?' he asked. That boy could have gone through college but he didn't even finish school." The grin had disappeared.

"What about that nine hundred who did take college preparatory work?" I asked. "Were they all exceptionally bright students?"

"We divide that group too, of course, and we have 'A,' 'B,' and 'C' classes in each subject. The 'A' class gets harder, richer stuff and some of those students are brilliant. The school may have changed, but I will say this: Our brightest youngsters are as bright as they ever were. Why, we had three who passed the semifinals in the national Merit Scholarship Program this winter. That was as many as Center High had, and they take only superior boys. About fifty per cent are 'B' students. They have to plug but they ought to get by. The 'C' students probably won't make college at all. Most of our youngsters go to colleges that don't require college-board examinations, but we had about fifty taking them last year. We had 125 asking for college transcripts. Most of those will go to college somewhere, some of them to first-class colleges."

I did some mental arithmetic. Out of a class of five hundred plus, out of a three-year school of twenty-eight hundred, 125 students asked for college transcripts. An entering class of 1,240, then, had about one student in ten who would even try for college. Mr. Webber's "close to fifty per cent of the college preparatory group" had been accurate, but the significance of it had changed considerably as we talked.

I ASKED whether any of the classes studied his favorite author, Shakespeare.

"Do they?" His face lit up happily again. "Why, for the twenty years I taught English here, we put on a Shakespeare play every single year. Look here." Behind me, on a pedestal I hadn't noticed before, was a small bronze statue of the Bard. "The class of 1930 gave me that. And over here"—he pointed across the room to a mezzotint of the same famous face—"another class presented me with that. We used to put on *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Twelfth Night—Hamlet* mostly though. They liked that. It was a lot of work, but I enjoyed it. I haven't time now that I'm principal, of course. We put on other plays, *Hay Fever, My Sister Eileen* . . .

"But we read Shakespear.. Indeed we do. Every student who goes out of here has read *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet* and *Twelfth Night* or one of the other comedies—those in the college preparatory course, that is."

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God And the Machine Age

ERIC HOFFER

RECENTLY, I heard a brilliant young professor of political science wonder what it would be like if one were to apply the law of the diffusion of gases to the diffusion of opinion. The idea seemed to him farfetched, yet he was eager to play with it.

It occurred to me, as I listened, that to a Galileo or a Kepler the idea would not have seemed at all fantastic. For both Galileo and Kepler really and truly believed in a God who had planned and designed the whole of creation—a God who was a master mathematician and technician. Mathematics was God's style, and whether it was the movement of the stars, the flight of a bird, the diffusion of gases, or the propagation of opinions—they all bore God's mathematical spirit.

It sounds odd in modern ears that it was a particular concept of God that prompted and guided the men who were at the birth of modern science. They felt in touch with God in every discovery they made. Their search for the mathematical laws of nature was to some extent a religious quest. Nature was God's text, and the mathematical notations were His alphabet.

The book of nature, said Galileo, is written in letters other than those of our alphabet—"these letters being triangles, quadrangles, circles, spheres, cones, pyramids, and other mathematical figures." So convinced was Kepler that in groping for the laws that govern the motions of the heavenly bodies he was trying to decipher God's text, he later boasted in exaltation that God the author had to wait six thousand years for His first reader. Leonardo da Vinci paused in his dissection of corpses to pen a prayer: "Would that it might please the Creator that I were able to reveal the nature of man and his customs even as I describe his figure." Leonardo's interest in anatomy may have risen from his work as an artist, but he was eventually driven mainly by the curiosity of the scientist and the mechanic. Living creatures were wondrous machines devised by a master mechanic, and Leonardo was taking them apart to discover how they were built and how they worked.

Earth and heaven were God's workshop, cluttered with His most ingenious devices. By observing them and tinkering with them, man could himself become a maker of machines. One could perhaps eventually build a seeing mechanism, a hearing mechanism, a flying machine, and so on.

THE CONCEPT of God as a master mathematician and craftsman accounts perhaps for the striking difference between the revival of learning and the revival of science in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Whereas the revival of learning was wholly dominated by the ideas and examples of antiquity, the revival of science, though profiting from Greek scientific writing, manifested a marked independence from the beginning. The vivid awareness of God's undeciphered text spread out before them kept the new scientists from expending their energies in the exegesis and imitation of ancient texts. In this case, a genuine faith in God was a factor in the emergence of intellectual independence.

It is of course conceivable that modern science and technology might have developed as they did without a particular concept of God. Yet one cannot resist the temptation to speculate on the significance of the connection. It is as if the Occident had first to conceive a god who was a scientist and technician before it could create a civilization dominated by science and technology. It is perhaps not entirely so, though it has often been said, that man makes his God in his own image. Rather does he create Him in the image of his cravings and dreams—in the image of what man wants to be. God-making could be part of the process by which a society realizes its aspirations: It first embodies them in the conception of a particular god, and then proceeds to imitate that god. The confidence requisite for attempting the unprecedented is most effectively generated by the fiction that in realizing the new we are imitating rather than originating. Our preoccupation with heaven can be part of an effort to find precedents for the unprecedented.

For all we know, one of the reasons that other civilizations, with all their ingenuity and skill, did not develop a machine age is that they lacked a god whom they could readily turn into an all-powerful engineer. For has not the mighty Jehovah performed from the beginning of time the feats that our machine age is even now aspiring to achieve? He shut up the sea with doors and said: "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." He made pools of water in the wilderness and turned the desert into a garden. He numbered the stars and called them by name. He commanded the clouds and told the rivers whither to flow. He measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out the heavens with the span, and comprehended the dust in a measure and weighted the mountains in scales.

THE MOMENTOUS transition that occurred in Europe after the late Middle Age was in some degree also a transition from the imitation of Christ to the imitation of God. The new scientists felt close to the God who had created the world and set it going. They stood in awe of Him, yet felt as if they were of His school. They were thinking God's thoughts, and whether they knew it or not aspired to be like Him.

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An Old Man Finds a Job

ANONYMOUS

As I SAT in the reception room of the employment agency, I gave a quick check to my attire: My suit was fairly new, blue flannel, cut as the ads in the papers advised; my shirt was clean, my shoes polished. My hair, what there was of it, was neatly in place. I looked, I felt sure, no worse than a tired doctor or an average bank vice-president confronting a borrower. I could hear the sprightly voice of the head of the agency, beyond the glass partition, speaking cheerfully as she gave out addresses to a suppliant. My hopes rose.

The interviewee left, and as he passed me my small feeling of elation vanished. He was *young*.

The head of the agency was kind and sympathetic, unlike many I had been interviewed by in the past. She looked over my record: ex-newspaperman, ten years on good magazines, a play on Broadway, a small book, ghost writing, speech writing, general hackwork that is the bread and butter of a free lance.

"Surely there is a niche for you in this big town," the agency head said.

That had been my hope, I replied, but had she looked at my date of birth—June, 1888?

The Law of Thirty-five

"The first thing you must do," she said, "is forget your age. If I get you an interview you are to say that you are fifty-five."

As she made some notes on a card I recalled an experience when I was fifty-five. I had been granted an interview with the head of a leading advertising firm. When I had told him my correct age he had groaned.

"If you were only thirty-five, I would ask you to take off your coat and go to work."

I asked if there wasn't some way out, or rather in.

"You're on Madison Avenue, remember. It's the Law. Don't ask me who made the Law. It's just there; we can't take on anyone over thirty-five."

I looked at the kind lady. She no doubt knew of the Law but she searched around for some encouragement. She would look, she said, and I was to call back in ten days.

When I called back at the appointed time I was not surprised at the negative answer. I hadn't really hoped, and had slipped back to the old diversionary devices of park-bench sitting, book reading, and searching the want ads.

Banquets and the Obit File

For three years I had exhausted every recourse that I knew for getting employment.

Early in my search I had been told by a personnel man on a city newspaper that he saw little hope for me or my kind. We had one great enemy: the actuarial charts of the insurance companies. Most enterprises of any size have insurance plans for their employees, and insurance companies love only the young and fair.

In my better days I had toyed with fantasies of retiring: Should I get a small farm and raise chickens, should I paint out the last weary days, or should I write that great American novel? Then there was

the fantasy of finding some little isle where the Social Security benefits would allow me to sit out the sunny days in the local cafés. But the saucers on the marble-top table of the terrace pile up faster than the monthly pittance, and paints and canvas cost a great deal of money nowadays.

While I thought that my problem was mainly economic, I knew there were other factors. Once I had edited a house organ for a large enterprise. One of my duties was to get interviews with the various executives as they retired at sixty-five. I would combine this history with the account of the big banquet, the gold watch, the set of golf clubs and the camera, and run it in the next issue. After a little while I learned to clip the history and put it in the top drawer. For invariably the retiree, after a few months with the camera, the golf clubs, and the memory of the banquet, would turn up his toes, and I had the obit ready at hand.

But as the executives usually retired on $50,000 or $75,000 a year, their trouble was not the same as my present one.

Acide Test

In a book by Bernard Berenson I came across a passage that gave me a clue. Berenson undoubtedly knows more about art—at least Italian art—than any other man. He has written a great many books about it. But finally even he became bored with the Florentines and the Venetians; he was suffering, he wrote, from *acide*, a disease he defined as "no appetite for life."

During the three years I had looked for work, I had managed, in the interval, to write three novels, one play, and countless stories. Except for one television script, the product remained unprinted and unseen. The sale of the television script should have been enough to lift me to some peak where I could at least glimpse more employment of the same kind. I did think I saw a new trial, but after I had explored that for some time I found the same old scenery: The television offices were also inhabited by the charcoal-suited, crew-cut young men. They, with the Law, had moved over from Madison Avenue.

The retired executive, sitting on the sands of Palm Beach, perhaps did not know what ailed him. The golf clubs, the camera, the ample pension did not seem to be the

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answer to having given up a life of activity. He had never heard of Berenson and his disease, and probably his doctor did not have it in his manual. But I could have told him what was the matter with him. It is the tragic realization of no longer *belonging*, of being no part of a group, of being of no use. Hobbies don't seem to fill the void, time killers and diversions merely postpone the day of reckoning. You are alone with yourself, and that does not seem to be enough.

The Pail and Mop

Why I got up early that morning and went down to the office of an old friend I cannot tell. But after the usual polite stalling by a secretary I was shown in and permitted to state my case. The old friend, for whom I had once worked, was most gracious. At once he thought of a loan. I have nothing against loans, being perhaps the oldest alumnus of the Morris Plan College of Infinity, but I knew that a loan was not the answer. I told him that what I needed most was work.

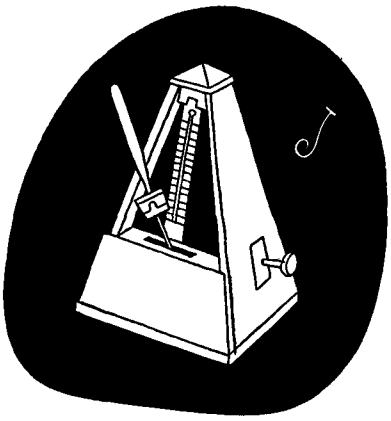
He was sorry, and went on to explain that naturally his loyalty was to the staff that had stayed with him through the years. There were no openings and he could not be expected to make one just to ease my plight. His sympathy was genuine. He knew I was not an alcoholic, that I was presentable, that I had had good jobs. But there was nothing he could do and he was truly sorry. On the way into his office I had noticed a row of elderly men, sitting in a niche in the wall. I asked my friend what these men did. He said they were messengers. Without being ashamed of a cliché, I asked for the pail and the mop.

Sensing my earnestness, he took up the phone and tried to get the personnel man. But he was out. He told me to go home and wait. That afternoon one of his assistants, whom I had also fondly known in the old days, phoned to say that there was a job if I did not mind work and a small salary. When do I start? I asked. At 8 A.M., he answered.

Face and Old Faces

I had no preparation for the battle of face. It began the first day. In the corridors I began to meet the men and women I had known when I was with the establishment a third of a century earlier. The saving grace was that these encounters seemed to weigh heavier on them than on me.

I suffered only slightly from fallout during that first week, as I saw old friends turn away rather than face me with the broom, so to speak. I heard some of them explaining to the younger members that yonder office boy had once been at the top and showing promise. In contrast to that school there was a group who admired my course, artists who perhaps knew better than the others the dry bread of adversity. There was a caste system in labor, I discovered. Men who would think nothing of digging rooted stones out of a Connecticut lawn or toting a golf bag eight hours under a July sun felt I had no pride in carrying a sack of mail.



The battle of face did not last too long; perhaps most of it was inside my own head. But it was real then and I mention it as one of the things that may be a factor. And just as real was the adjustment, the slapping down of the dogs of memory that daily yapped at my heels. Why was I in this fix, working for one-sixth of my last salary, making just enough to get along on? Why had I taken that road? Why hadn't I been willing to dip that useless flag of integrity, just a trifle, at least? Why did I feel compelled to go into the president's office when I found him working a double cross and tell him that he had the ethics of Capone? I had a job; I had said for three years that I wanted one. Well, now, did I?

When Freud first crossed the Alps I had met an early analyst who thought I might help him in translating the new religion into lay jargon. Nothing came of that venture, but through the years I had often met the analyst and he had proved a realistic if sardonic guide. So I wrote the good doctor about my new station in life and the effects on me of breaking the age barrier. He replied quickly that I must have a great sense of elation, walking on firm earth instead of floating around on clouds. He ended: "Recall the formula I gave you twenty years ago. The secret of success is so simple: Be willing to adapt your prejudices and be willing to honestly evaluate your own potential."

I don't know what answer I expected, but I was sure it was not the one he gave. I wrote that I suspected that he had pulled the crack about the clouds from an old copybook. It was the first time I had known him to be in error. Cloud floating, take it from an expert, is much pleasanter than getting up at six and going to work. And I reminded him that if it were not for cloud transportation, he would be out of work; that, as Gogol wrote, take away a man's illusions and he will soon perish.

It was the remark about evaluating my potential that hurt the most. Potential, like water, evidently seeks its own level. Potential had been the favorite catchword of the big president, the one that fired me. He sat in a big brown leather chair behind a mahogany desk adorned with fresh roses and drew down $125,000 a year, somewhat more than my salary at the time. But I wrote some of his letters to the soldiers at the front and some of his speeches to the workers in the factory. "You must get into your paper," he would say, "that man seldom uses his full potential. Why, even I am sometimes guilty of not using my full potential."

Of course my friend the analyst was not to blame for throwing me into another tizzy instead of helping me out of the old ones. It took several more days for the effect of his letter to wear off. I had to agree that the doors of the loan companies and the supermarkets are built low for the plodders and will not admit those floating on clouds.

So the oldster, when he does find

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employment, does not solve all his problems. He may lick the Law of Thirty-five, the never-sleeping Actuarial Chart, the Battle of Face, but he still has the question of potential. Am I capable of more, and if so, how do I lift myself by my bootstraps?

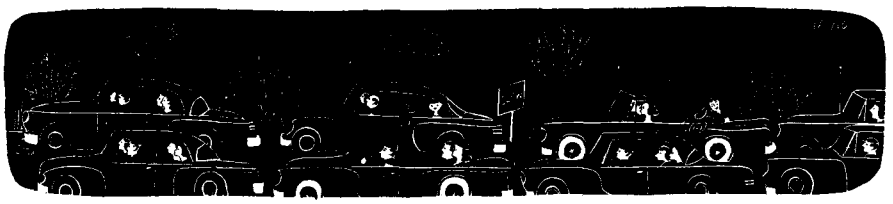
Battles Long Ago

In the meantime I shall try to be content with my job. It has compensations. There is no lean and hungry Cassius waiting in the wings, ambitious for my toga. No assistant looks enviously at my broom and grabs it when I leave the room. My ex-contemporaries now accept me; what their thoughts are, fortunately, I do not know.

Between the tours of duty there are the story periods—the time when the ancients try to prop up their ego with memories of the past. One says he was once a doctor in Vienna. Another worked his life away at a civil-service job and is bitter at the corruption and graft of his department. He is rich, too, with tales of old New York. I believe he works not from necessity but because he is henpecked by a wife and three daughters. Still another was a banker and, from his stories, lived his life in the golden age togged out in a silk hat and dress suit, weaving between the Knickerbocker Bar, Sherry's, and Delmonico's. When I meet him going to work, sauntering down the Avenue, his bowler atilt, gloves in hand, I am sure he did not have the Battle of Face. "There was that girl in Vienna . . ." I wait for a pause and come in with: "Did you ever stand at night in Pest and look at the moon come up over Buda?" (Or is it the other way around?)

I DOUBT if any one of us believes the other fellows' stories. After all, we do not talk to be heard. Our gilded narrations are but surrogates, devices to help us forget what we are now in the memory of what we once were or thought we were in the days when "our wings were strong and tireless."

We have given the actuarial tables a slight setback. Until it finds and corrects its errors, I hope to drone the days away, forgetting about past potential.



Meditations In an Empty Room

MARYA MANNES

IN A CORNER of the curve of the U.N. General Assembly Building is a small place called the Meditation Room—built in 1952, according to a small plaque, and furnished by public contribution. It is windowless and rectangular, but rounded at one end, curtained from floor to ceiling in off-white, carpeted in off-white, and lit by beams from spotlights in the ceiling. About twenty armchairs of American pine with barrel-stave backs, five to a row, face the curved end of the room, in the center of which is a polished reddish tree trunk about four feet high and three feet across; and on top of that is a cluster of philodendron in a receptacle. A separate shaft of light is directed on this, as if it were significant.

The room was empty. I tried to think what it reminded me of. The basement lounge of a small movie theater? The showroom of a wholesale fur designer? But they are not so claustrophobic.

The information desk told me that the room was conceived and executed by the Laymen's Movement for a Christian World, as a place of communion or worship, where men might pray or ponder in peace, preparing themselves for that verbal battle of attrition, that exploration of hope, which is the U.N. And since it was for the use of scores of nations and many religions, the mandate was clear to avoid any symbol that might offend any believer. Even the United Nations flag, once there, had had to be removed. So now there were the trunk, the plant, and the chairs.

It seemed to me standing there that this nothingness was so oppressive and disturbing that it became a sort of madness, and the room a sort of padded cell. It seemed to me that the core of our greatest contemporary trouble lay here, that all this whiteness and shapelessness and weakness was the leukemia of noncommitment, sapping our strength. We had found, finally, that only nothing could please all, and we were trying to make the greatest of all generalities out of that most singular truth, the spirit of man. The terrifying thing about this room was that it made no statement whatever. In its opacity and constriction, it could not even act as a reflector of thought.

The Spirit's Privacy

Outside, in the city, I began to see this noncommitment everywhere. I looked at the new buildings, the glassy aluminum boxes rising everywhere in place of the old. They made no statement. They offended no one. They had no stamp upon them. They were faceless. This was the kind of taste that is no taste, not even bad taste.

I thought of hour upon hour and month upon month of radio and television, produced to please all by offending none. The people who commanded audiences of thirty to fifty million, men like Perry Como and Ed Sullivan, did so because at no time did they commit themselves to anything but their sponsors' products. Once in a blue moon a play would make a statement, only to retract or temper it in a show of neutrality. It takes an ultimate act of

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adjustment—the twin of conformity—to make sixty million people look at the same thing at the same time. And they do, nearly every day.

That is why any statement, any commitment of self, is a stab of joy, on television or anywhere else—a rush of plasma into the draining bloodstream of our condition. And that is why gratitude should go in particular to NBC's "Elder Wise Men" series, those quiet conversations with men and women whose entire lives have been statements of their singularity. You have only to look at their faces—Arnold Toynbee, Bertrand Russell, Edward Steichen, Pablo Casals, Robert Frost, Jawaharlal Nehru, Wanda Landowska—to see how their features have been cast in the forge of the spirit's privacy, how immeasurably removed they are—in time, alas, as well as in form—from all of us. And when the great cellist Casals—a little stubborn round-shouldered man in a sweater—says in difficult English that he will never stand for the kind of political immorality that tolerates Franco; when Nehru speaks without rancor of his eight years in prison, a most tangible commitment; when Robert Oppenheimer (on last year's memorable interview with Murrow on CBS) gently tries to define truth, his face illuminated by the search; when Russell dares to be quizzical about accepted values and attitudes—then we know what we are missing every day of our lives in the pallid company of the uncommitted.

In a highly provocative new book entitled *Must You Conform?*, psychiatrist Robert Lindner presents one cure for this spiritual leukemia: "I suggest that the answer . . . lies in the mobilization and implementation of the instinct of rebellion. We must, in short, become acquainted with our protestant nature and learn how to use it in our daily lives, how to express it ourselves, how to infuse it throughout all levels of our culture, and how to nourish it in our young."

If we don't, presumably the spirit of man will be both represented and worshiped in rooms like this one in the U.N.—a quiet place of detachment where we can look at the philodendron in their light from nowhere and mediate on nothing.

An Irish Holiday

MARK VAN DOREN

DUBLIN

THE ONE THING that made every man in Ireland shake his head, the one word we heard everywhere from Dublin to Connemara, was emigration. "The best of them are leaving us," a hotelkeeper said in Galway. "And why?" we asked. "Oh," he said, "but they're deceived, they are. No sooner have I trained a girl to cook or make beds or wait the table than off she goes, and like as not to England. None but the stupid stay. But the bright ones—they'll be sorrier before they're glad."

"Why to England? Better wages?" "That, yes, but let me tell you there's something else besides. The glamour." "Glamour?" He couldn't have

meant Merry England. "The freedom. They're not controlled there. They can go and come without a word from anybody—keep any hours, go any place, and not a soul to see when they come in at night, or care, for that matter. They'll get tired of it in time. Oh, they'll come back."

Another hotelkeeper, farther north in Westport, County Mayo, a Scot who had come over in 1948 "to go ahead with a new country," as he put it, thought it was the Church. "Not," he hastened to add, "that the young people revolt. They simply slip away—the most ambitious ones, that is. So it's not like a new country after all. It doesn't have that feel, and my wife agrees with me when I say it was a mistake to come." "Yet here you are. Couldn't you go back?" He smiled. "Some day, of course. But you know, they're a nice people too. Easygoing and good-natured, though a lot of them are sodden with the Guinness they never stop guzzling." I remembered the giant brewery we had visited in Dublin: the most prosperous enterprise, it seemed, in all the capital. "I'd call it on the whole," he muttered into his glass of Scotch, "a dead society—I tell you, it has that feel. Nothing new is being tried; there's no turnover as you say in America. They're even against their own government." "But *that's* new; and at least it is their own." "An old habit—they can't change, you see. They'd rather die than change, and so they're dying."

Terrible Beauty of a Corpse

What an anticlimax, I thought, to those long years of struggle to be free, the eloquence and blood that flowed, the poets who died in 1916, the "terrible beauty" that Yeats said had then been born. The terrible beauty of a corpse, if the Westport man was right. Of course he might be wrong; but even the Irish had to agree with him that the population was draining out. In 1800 it was four million, and by 1841 it had risen to eight million. Then the potato famine cut it in half, by death and by emigration to America. Today it is around four million again—the Galway man said even less, but the official figures contradict his pessimism.

And of all places for the young to skip to, England! The country they had been taught to mistrust. The language that drove theirs out so that when Irish is spoken now, or printed on street signs, it sounds and looks foreign, whereas it ought to be the other way around. There has been a movement to make it so, but the children, taught Irish in school, stop speaking it as soon as they can, and even in the west country it has lost some of its grip.

One of the papers I read—it had come down from Belfast, to be sure

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—had a remedy to propose. Make more, it said, of Ireland's ancient monuments; teach the children to be proud of them, and to know what glory they represent; then they'll feel a bit better about staying home, and some of them may even set about building a new country that is fit, like the new moon, to hold the old moon in her arms.

The Seven Churches

The beautiful rounded towers, the fragments of chapels and abbeys that now stand unexplained among the trees, the priories and friaries that most people can't identify, the fortresses whose walls continue to crumble and fall into country lanes or village streets—label them properly, restore them when this is possible, surround them with fences, issue books about them that anybody can read, and make it clear that nothing in Ireland is of greater national importance than, say, the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise, where thirteen centuries ago the kings and priests of Europe were proud to come and study, and where some of the best of them were brought to be buried.

If there is cogency in such a plan, Clonmacnoise, nine miles south of Athlone, would be indeed the best place to begin. When we were there we were shown the signatures of De Valera and Costello in the visitors' book. They had come last Sunday, the caretaker told us, and this was a good sign that "government" was to take the ruins over.

At the gate there was a truck with surveying instruments and mason's materials; and a government man, stepping out of it, consulted us about the propriety of leveling the graves. For within the walls of Clonmacnoise, high above the Shannon and the smooth fields it drains, there are not only two round towers, seven ancient churches, and three particularly fine high crosses whose inscriptions and reliefs the scholars of Christendom come from everywhere to study, but also, leaning and tilting like grove upon grove of fossil trees, the gravestones of latter-day gentry who wanted to be put into this sacred ground for safety; and the mounds of their graves, as we soon discovered for ourselves, make perilous walking.

It was a question, said the government man, whether more people would complain if these were leveled than if they were left alone. Doubting our right to an opinion, we went on in and marveled at the place. The first builder, St. Kieran of the sixth century, had left few traces of himself; but we understood that between his time and the tenth century, when the oldest of these stone ruins were built, a university was here though those of Paris and Bologna were still undreamed of.

There is nothing now but a wilderness of fantastically numerous and heroically weathered stones. But the Belfast editor might be right. Any country could be proud of such a hill—and proud, too, of the lovely Rock of Cashel in Tipperary, which also needs some propping up and more national attention.

The Wry Nod . . .

Probably there is no salvation for Ireland through the rubbing up of its antiquities. Nor would every Irishman agree that salvation is required. Most people we saw as we crossed the island, from Dublin to the west and back, seemed contented with their lot. If it looked a poor lot to us, that was our affair, and perhaps our misfortune. Not every person we passed returned our wave; but some did, and I learned to recognize a certain gesture for the very charming thing it was. A man on a donkey, or standing by a wall, would smile slowly, as if inertia had needed to be overcome, and as he did so would give us a queer twisting nod or duck of his head—a downward twist, wryly suggesting that he and we were in on an important secret: The world is not what it might be, but it is less bad when people admit that they all travel in one leaky boat. Then the face would grow serious again, and the dark eyes would stare at us as if we weren't there.

. . . and the Plodding Donkeys

But it is a poor country, no mistaking that. The automobile we had hired seemed at times the only one in the world, so that we could wonder why those good roads had been built. They were mostly used by animals and by the patient men, women, and children who drove or led them. Cows, pigs, sheep, an occasional horse, and donkeys without number made the going none too certain on some stretches. The donkeys, though, did keep to their side of the road. Each of the little beasts wagged on his way as if to get where he was going were his lay religion. They were very sober, and never looked at us—no twist of *their* heads, no sign that they thought they were even seen.

The mind of a donkey is an immemorial mystery, and nowhere more so than in Ireland, where I could sometimes think of it as symbolizing the genius of the place, and so matching that of its owner: dogged, unchangeable, ambitionless, touching, amusing, and wise. We never knew whether to laugh at the long face under the ears or to cry out that we loved it. In either case, of course, the donkey wouldn't have noticed—or wouldn't have shown that he did.

On Sunday morning, cleaned up a bit and dressed in different harness, he pulls his mistress to church, she sitting straight up in her cart

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for all the world as if it were a carriage. Or it might be a whole family there, with children clinging to the sideboards. The donkey has no days off, nor for that matter does his master; for on Sunday as on other days his animals must be tended—taken off to graze or driven home to milk. The roads of Ireland are seldom empty after all.

Out in Connemara they are poor roads, and the grazing must be as lean as anywhere on earth. Such a litter of rocks I think I never saw. The small white houses were all but indistinguishable from boulders on the slopes of hills that by rights should be uninhabited. But inhabited they are, by a ragged race somehow possessed of the formula for survival. It is not typical of Ireland, for it is fabulous even there; but it does perhaps represent the limit of that life which every Irishman knows how to live, expecting little, having little, and with a duck of the head enjoying what there is. Some may emigrate, but most of them stay where they are. And so in Connemara they always will, along with the boulders, the donkeys, the whitecaps out at sea, and over east a little way the huddle of mountain peaks which in a rash of understatement they have labeled the Twelve Pins of Bunnabeola.

A Play Not for Spectators

The Aran Islanders will stay put too, but on Inishere, Inishmaan, and Inishmore the poverty is at least dramatic, and this shows on the faces—some long and heroic, some round and comic—of the men who come out in bobbing canvas boats called curraghs to meet the steamer from Galway and take off passengers and cargo. The day we went there the cargo consisted of sheep and pigs, gasoline and oil, cement in bags, jam in tins, and some lumber that two of the curraghs towed through rough waves to a pier. The men who managed the curraghs wore the time-old jackets and pantaloons and moccasins we had hoped to see. It is a magnificent uniform for magnificent creatures who never change.

Even the population of Inishmore, the largest island, cannot change; it cannot exceed eleven hundred. "What happens when there are more?" I asked a handsome old man who drove us up to the top and back. "They emigrate," he said, and looked out over the midget fields marked off from one another by high walls. There is no natural vegetation on these islands, and once there was no soil. The present soil has been created by the people out of seaweed, sand, and such humus as can be dug out of crevices in the summit rock. So that life here is a never-ending melodrama, and emigration has a meaning as clear as bells rung or curtains dropped.

The difference from Connemara shows itself in the hewn countenances of the inhabitants and in the costumes they continue to wear. An old woman went back on the boat with us that night to Galway, wearing the thick red skirt and the black shawl her part has always called for. She kept out of sight as well as she could, in the darkest corner of the cabin. We were strangers, mostly from the mainland, and as such we were spectators out of place. The play is not for us, or for spectators at all. It is self-enacted, with only brute rocks and the gray sky watching.

Poetry, and the Trick of Age

Back in Galway the next morning we paid a second visit to the statue of Patrick O'Connor, which had faced us the first day we peeped into Eyre Square, the central feature of the town. O'Connor, a Galway poet who died not long ago, sits there looking down, his short legs barely touching the earth before him, his large, round, childlike head encircled by a curious hat, and preserves a silence never violated by such bustle as goes on outside the gate.

His effigy, so realistic and yet so dreamy too, was a forceful, sweet reminder of the importance all Ireland attaches to its poets, old and new. This people lives by song and story as much as by bacon, greens, and milk; their poetry keeps them home, O'Connor seemed to be saying, when nothing else would. The logic of this is not to be denied, nor do considerations of physical comfort have anything to do with the case. I heard him saying it at my back through all of the drive east to Dublin, this time not through Mullingar and Athlone but farther south through Portumna, Birr, Portarlington, and Kildare.

We had been told that central Ireland, lacking lakes and mountains, would be dull; but it did not seem so either way. For one thing we got thoroughly acquainted with

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the classic cottage of the country, a low white rectangle with chimney, thatched roof, and central door through which—for it was usually open—we could see the back wall of the fireplace blocking both our further view and the possible intrusion of goblins. It is strange that so many dwellings, built so much alike, could have looked so different from one another, and been so endlessly worth looking at. They sat at every angle to the highway, and some were prettier than others, we couldn't always say just why; some were dirtier, and some of them had wiser donkeys waiting by the front wall to start off somewhere—tap, tap—on their little mincing feet. Perhaps it was to the nearest bog for winter fuel—the time was September, and all Ireland was digging peat.

The west, however, which sometimes had seemed one vast, bleak wilderness of turf, was not repeated here, where many areas—notably the great Bog of Allen—had within the century been reclaimed for farming. Then these cottages, we thought, could not be very old. No, that they weren't, someone said. But nothing about them looked young. Nothing in Ireland does.

DUBLIN, with its bridges and its quays along the Liffey where swans wait to be fed, had its splendors when seen as we saw it the second time, after a week in the west country. St. Patrick's Cathedral, where Jonathan Swift was so long the dean, is surrounded by slums; but that was forgotten as soon as we found the two brass plates in the floor which told us where Swift and Stella are buried. And looking up, we read on the adjacent wall both the savage Dean's epitaph for himself and his sober, controlled tribute —all the more moving because controlled—to the woman who still remains the chief mystery of his life. The beautiful Book of Kells, an illuminated Gospels in Trinity College, is a thousand years older; yet all things in Ireland are old, and forever will be old. How this could be is Ireland's secret. Emigration may seem to wear it away, yet the substance of it lingers where it somehow always was, outside of time as the restless world measures that insignificant commodity.

Manipulating The Slobs

HARLAN CLEVELAND

THE GOLDEN KAZOO, by John G. Schneider. *Rinehart. $3.50.*

The kazoo is that noisemaking toy that comes nowadays in Christmas stockings, a mass-produced variant of the old comb and toilet paper. You hum into it, and it attracts attention. Everybody's attention. The kazoo is the Least Common Denominator.

According to Joe Quanto, the laziest, least talkative, and most articu-

late character in *The Golden Kazoo,* the American salesman became an adman when he first used the kazoo as an advertising "stopper," to get people coming to him instead of going from door to door himself. Joe's principle of advertising is simple: "There ain't any high brow in low-brows, but there's some low-brow in everybody."

Big 1960 Idea

That's about all the philosophy there is in this book, but it serves the purpose, which is to report what happened in the Presidential campaign of 1960 when the advertising fraternity *really* took over. (The Democrats won in 1956, according to this author.) The book is entertaining, if thin. The author's fifteen years in the advertising business taught him to use his imagination about things rather than people.

It's not that the people are hard to see. They are as visible as characters on a billboard—clear outlines, strong primary colors, slightly larger than life, lacking one of the usual three dimensions. As in a good ad, there are not too many of them: Blade Reade, who runs the campaign of Republican Henry Clay Adams for President, thriftily serves as both hero and villain. He charges through the campaign without a qualm or an ulcer, being polite to his commercial clients and rude to his political ones, and succeeds in forcing the 1960 campaign into a mold created by "the political admind."

The precedents are explicit. Blade Reade's Big 1960 Idea is to give the candidate's wife an embryo baby (no father required) until after the election; he reasons faultlessly from the nine-month rise in the Neilsen rating for "I Love Lucy" before Mrs. Arnaz all but had hers in front of the cameras. The recurring giveaway theme in the book is merely a somewhat generous extrapolation of ideas that never fail to sell Living Lipstick or buy live votes. And Blade Reade's thinking on the plight of the farmers (". . . they're hog-fat . . . Let 'em *compete*") matches the recent *Harper's* editorial line that was dubbed "excellent" by whoever it is in the Department of Agriculture that signs the name Ezra Taft Benson. Even Blade's use of "slobs" as a shorthand term to stand for all voters and consumers has been heard in New York before.

The Trouble with Democrats

The Democrats in the book hire an advertising agency too, but the image of their candidate seems to have gotten blurred by the issues. As the

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taxi driver says, "I figure the Democrats are more for the workingman, see? . . . But then on the second hand, who did the Democrats dig up for this trip? A bum always shooting off his face about Pakistani or Hindustani or Iraqui or some godforsaken place. . . ."

Maybe the trouble with the Democrats in 1960 was their lack of advertising experience. At the present stage of the 1956 campaign they have been spending a good deal of time trying to persuade some prominent advertising agency to take their multi-million-dollar account. One major agency says it turned them down three separate times, and a number of others have successfully fought off their business at least once. At the end of January, they finally managed to hire the advertising agency of Norman, Craig & Kummel, Inc.

But if the Democrats find that they still can't get the hang of working with a kazoo, they always have an alternate route to the heart of America: They can come out righteously against hucksters in politics. That should bring some of the slobs to the polls.

THE WILL TO WIN and its victory over scruple are not exactly new in politics; the Vice-President's 1954 performance is still fairly fresh in the memory.

But *The Golden Kazoo* suggests a new—and hardly believable—trend in the advertising business. Here we have, in 1956, an American public that requires seven thousand periodicals, twelve thousand newspapers, three thousand radio stations, and close to five hundred television stations—which certainly do not all convey identical editorial messages. How is this public supposed to have become a mere amorphous mass in four short years—especially with the Democrats, some of whom notoriously like to read, in seats of power? Self-confident Blade Reade, worshiping the kazoo and manipulating the slobs, is hard to believe.

But not even the publishers claim that Mr. Schneider has produced the Great American Novel. He gives us a lively, timely, and highly readable spoof. And who, in a windy year filled with "moderate" rhetoric, could ask for anything more?

Would you want 2 cars for the price of 1?.....

BECAUSE foreign cars do cost less to run, there's no trick to operating two cars for no more than you now pay to run one car. Aud if you know the best buys in foreign cars, you can either buy two cars for what one might cost you now, or else you can really stop saying from this moment on that you can't afford a second car.

Roy L. Pepperburg's big book *The Best Buys in Foreign Cars* opens a whole new world of driving experience to you. With his help, you'll find the cars that offer you lower costs, greater safety, longer car life, and greater comfort. You'll find the cars that are years ahead in style (and with so few annual model changes, you don't have to buy a new car every year or two to keep up with the Joneses).

Page after page in this big book helps you to find exactly the foreign car best suited to your needs. Do you want one of those swank foreign cars that give their owners prestige (yet—if you know the right ones to buy—actually cost you as little as you'd spend for a medium priced car)? Do you want a sports car? (Some cost much less than you'd expect to pay for any car with such expensive-looking lines.) Do you want a low cost station wagon? A midget car almost as easy on gas as a motorcycle? Or a low-priced or medium-priced car that never seems to wear out?

Roy Pepperburg's *The Best Buys in Foreign Cars* takes you on an "insider's" shopping tour of the cars you can buy *now*. He tells you how each rides, what its motor will do, how it handles, what it costs, the service facilities in the U. S. Plenty of pictures, too.

From now on look forward to a whole new driving experience. Send $2 for your copy of *The Best Buys in Foreign Cars*.

Where Will You Go in FLORIDA?

If You Want a Vacation You Can Afford?

Florida needn't be expensive—not if you know where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want, it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club. (Yes, Florida is his home whenever he isn't traveling!)

His big book, *Norman Ford's Florida*, tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation, or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise"—just the spot which has everything you want.

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Two Americans In Saigon

HAROLD R. ISAACS

A FOREST OF TIGERS, by Robert Shaplen. *Knopf. $3.95.*

One of the brinks of war to which Mr. Dulles carried us so artfully during the last few years was located in a small corner of southeastern Asia. Vietnam, formerly French Indo-China, is a place that is still known only dimly to most Americans. A nationalist revolt against the French began immediately after the end of the Pacific war in 1945, and over the next nine years the Vietnamese drama unfolded bleakly—the stubborn French resistance; the American ambivalence, ignorance, and timidity; the Communist conquest of the nationalist movement; the confused helplessness of the divided Vietnamese, who still dreamed of freedom; and ultimately the crisis that brought us in our bewilderment to the brink of another war in which there could be no victory.

An opaque curtain separated Americans from the unfolding of these events. Vietnam was far away and obscure. American reporters were sent there only for brief periods and only to smell blood; ironies and complexities were beyond the limits of their craft as they had to ply it. But one of these reporters was Robert Shaplen, a writer rarely endowed with a knowing eye not only for politics but for people, with a deep sense of involvement and responsibility, and with a power over words. For Shaplen the necessary art is to bring us to the brink of understanding what is going on, and he has tried to do so by writing an extraordinarily effective novel, *A Forest of Tigers.* No news report from Vietnam will ever again seem quite so unclear or uninforming if you will afford yourself the experience of reading Shaplen's superbly written story.

HERE the distant and faceless actors become people with whom you move through the bloody confusion of Saigon in the early 1950s. Shaplen writes not only with fidelity to the facts and settings of an enormously intricate situation but also with imagery, feeling, and a considerable capacity to translate issues of the deepest import into the varieties of human experience. He is able to project some measure of sympathetic knowledge, if not always of sympathy, to almost his entire gallery of characters, and he has the power to make

them communicate in some degree the reasons why they act as they do. Shaplen never moves far from the struggle in which they are all engaged and is acutely sensitive to the conflicts that make it tragic: between French and Vietnamese, between Vietnamese Communists and Vietnamese nationalists, between the Communist commissar from the north and the Communist terrorist in the south, between the two worlds of a Eurasian girl, between avarice and fear in a Corsican scoundrel, between dedication and fatigue in a Vietnamese doctor who flees the Communist camp and tries vainly to find a way, with American help, of continuing the struggle for his people's freedom.

The author etches, centrally and incisively, the conflict between his American protagonist, Adam Patch, a member of the legation staff, and his superior, the Minister. Patch wanted the American role to be one of helping the Vietnamese achieve effective independence, while the Minister hewed to the official line of going along with the French at their own pace. Patch wanted to force that pace, by applying pressure to get more independent elements into the pathetic puppet government of Bao Dai which the French were maintaining at that time, but this would have required a degree of real independence which the French were unwilling to grant. Later Patch tried to help the Vietnamese doctor carry out a plan for going into the "in-between territories" to win the unknowing people to an understanding that there was an alternative to Communist power. But this was frowned upon. The Communist terror squads murdered the doctor, and Patch was forced, under French pressure, to leave. In Adam Patch's defeat and departure from Saigon there is perhaps a reasonable clue to why Mr. Dulles brought us to one of his brinks. The lesson may not be too late to learn even now.

It is true that in Adam Patch Shaplen has created a character who is by no means an American innocent abroad. To some who may judge from experience with the run of American officialdom in that part of the world, he may seem an uncommon man indeed. But through Patch, Shaplen speaks for a more mature American intelligence on which so much in our world is going to depend. By his book alone he proves that it exists and that there is hope for it.

Yearning for Absolutes

There are those, of course, who think otherwise. Compare, for example, Shaplen's treatment and outlook with that of Graham Greene, the English novelist, who has written of exactly the same time and place in *The Quiet American,* which has been published in England and will shortly be brought out in this country by Viking.

Greene is of course no more

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typically "English" than Shaplen is "American." The differences between them are wider than a sea. Shaplen, a reporter turned novelist, is committed to the realities of which he writes. Greene is a novelist and occasional correspondent who appears to feel little responsibility to the factual situation itself. The difference is not merely of method but also of outlook. Greene, too, brings an American to Saigon to cope with the complexities of a dying colony, but his American *is* an innocent. In fact, he is a young fool, fresh out of college (Harvard, of course), with crew cut, downy cheeks, and downy mind. Shaplen has painstakingly concerned himself with American lack of wisdom, but Greene, with crude and phobic spite, carries it to an absurd extreme that is even beyond caricature.

Greene's protagonist is not the American, Alden Pyle, but an English journalist, Fowler, a sodden, opium-smoking cynic who wishes he were dead and *is* half dead. Fowler abjures "taking sides" in the Vietnamese conflict. But he is infuriated when Pyle first saves his life and then, with insufferable rectitude, wins Fowler's Vietnamese bedmate away from him with a promise of security in marriage—a crude symbol, no doubt, for Greene's view of the American role in the whole affair. Fowler will be seen in hell first; he finally "takes sides" by fingering Pyle for a Communist assassin, who duly leaves Pyle's body in the mud by the riverbank. It is not accidental that there is no pity in Greene except for the dead ("Death," says Fowler sententiously, "is the only absolute value"), and no respect for any characters in the novel except a briefly encountered Indian Catholic and the fitfully seen Communist murderer, whom Greene makes say, without a trace of irony: "Sooner or later one has to take sides, if one is to remain human." It is not hard to discern in these vignettes Greene's own hapless yearning after absolutes. But his petulance and spleen are pathetic beside the strong and knowing anger of Shaplen, who still believes that through his intelligence man can make himself free.

—And He Always Was Good to the Poor

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE LAST HURRAH, by Edwin O'Connor. Boston: *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.*

When the Irish came to Boston the Bostonians would have liked to do to them what their ancestors did to the Indians. But the time for colored beads, mirrors, and musket fire was past. So the Bostonians put the Irish children to work in the New England cotton mills, where they crawled diligently about under the looms just as the children of England had but lately tunneled darkly through the coal mines. They put the Irish girls to work in the kitchen or the nursery so that the children of the wealthy could later reminisce about dear Katie the cook, dear Maggie the nurse. They put the Irish men to work on the docks, digging ditches, laying tracks—at nightfall returning to their slums on the wrong side of the tracks. And sometimes, since the men were good with horses, they dressed them in livery and made them coachmen. In the agencies that handled white-collar jobs they posted signs reading NO IRISH NEED APPLY. They made things as hard as they could for the Irish, and in no time at all, in no more than the span of a lifetime or so, the Bostonians had an Irish mayor. They had been unable to paint a sign that would keep the Irish out of politics.

The ugliness of the past is only a legend now. The resentments it caused among the Irish and the old Bostonians alike persist in a folklore treasured only by old men recalling past obstinacies. The young,

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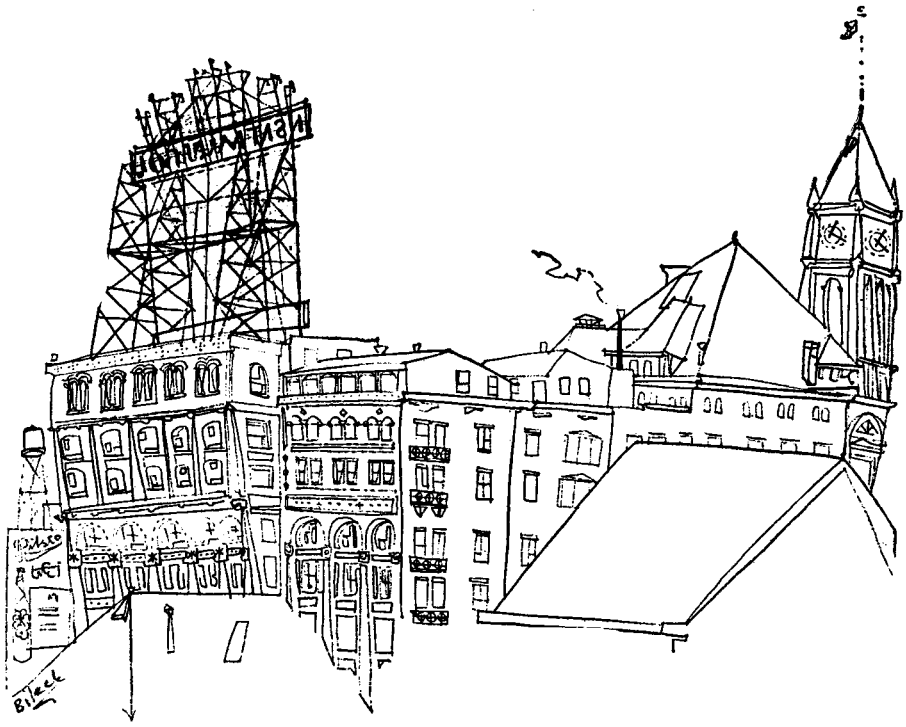
to whom no path to any career is blocked any more, do not care.

THE MAYOR in Edwin O'Connor's rich and healthy novel fought and lost his last political campaign at seventy-two. His mother had been a housemaid and old Caleb Force had dismissed her for stealing: "He fired her himself, in front of his family and all the other servants, whom he had thoughtfully summoned for the occasion. . . . As a Christian gentleman he naturally wanted to be sure she understood the enormity of her offense."

She was guilty, all right; she had taken some preserves to her family on her night out when she went to see them in their tenement. Her son, the mayor, likes to tell about Caleb's last years. The old man weighed so little that when he walked along the river, the wind would blow him into the water and strangers would fish him out. "The family was sensible enough to realize this kind of luck couldn't possibly last. Sooner or later he'd be blown in and there'd be no one around but people who knew him, and that would be the end of Caleb. So they got him a leash and a male nurse to walk him up and down, and everything worked out fine. It was quite a treat to go down to the river a few years ago and watch the patriarch of one of our first families out for his morning trot." That is a fine story in a book filled with good ones.

The Irish have always been good at telling stories. Fortunately Edwin O'Connor, aware that the Boston Irish do not talk as if they were on the stage of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin playing Synge, avoids all tiresome mannerism. Much of his novel is made up of the tales the mayor tells his nephew so that he may learn something about his city and about a period that has come to a close. "I suppose," the mayor says, "that I'm about the last of the old-style political leaders who's still alive and moving around. All the others are dead or in institutions, held together by adhesive tape, bits of wire, and plastic tubes." And he also says: "There's nothing like it [the city] anywhere else in the country, there never has been anything like it, and when it goes—as I expect it will go in a few short years—



there'll never be anything like it again. A good many people will say hooray to that, but I'm not among them. I happen to think it's a grand city . . ."

And so the old man tells his nephew about how he went into politics—there weren't many other roads open to him—and how he still controls the city, or thinks he does. He takes him to an old-fashioned wake, with refreshments supplied by the city, and the nephew asks if that's politics too. Well, the mayor informs him, Knocko Minihan is all prettied up in the parlor, and so it's a wake, but because I'm here it's also politics. He leaves the nephew to discover for himself that it's kindliness too, with the old man taking care of those who are in trouble and not asking for anything at all in return. Of course, being no simpleton, he was entirely aware that he would get a great deal in return.

This is no idealized picture of an Irish Catholic boss in a big city. The mayor can and does play dirty pool. He has been corrupt. There have been times when the whole apparatus of City Hall seemed to function only to support the mayor's henchmen. Money voted for city projects never built them. Mr. O'Connor lets the mayor's critics speak out, and he finds no way for the mayor to answer them. He even brings forward the harshest judgment of all, and the mayor has no answer to that one either. It is that he used the Church for politics. The Cardinal, an Irishman too, weighs what that has meant: "This man cheapened us forever at a time when we could have gained stature. I can never forgive him for that!"

Yet there is an answer to all the charges, and the wonderful humor, eloquence, and action of *The Last Hurrah* provide it. It is simply that immigrants had to stick together and fight for their rights until they won them. If they fought rough, it was because they had to. If they gave their undeviating devotion to a boss like the one in this book—mayor again and again, and governor of his state—it was because he was, in fact and not rhetorically, leading them out of a wilderness of poverty and humiliation. Each morning the mayor went to work—to his deals and shenanigans—in his official limousine, with the siren screaming and the Irish policemen clearing the way. The people who voted for him wanted it that way.

WHEN the mayor lay dying only the happier memories of his long life came back to him: The triumphs were still there; the humiliations were effaced. Most of all, the friendships were still there. It is that way, too, with the people he represented so long.

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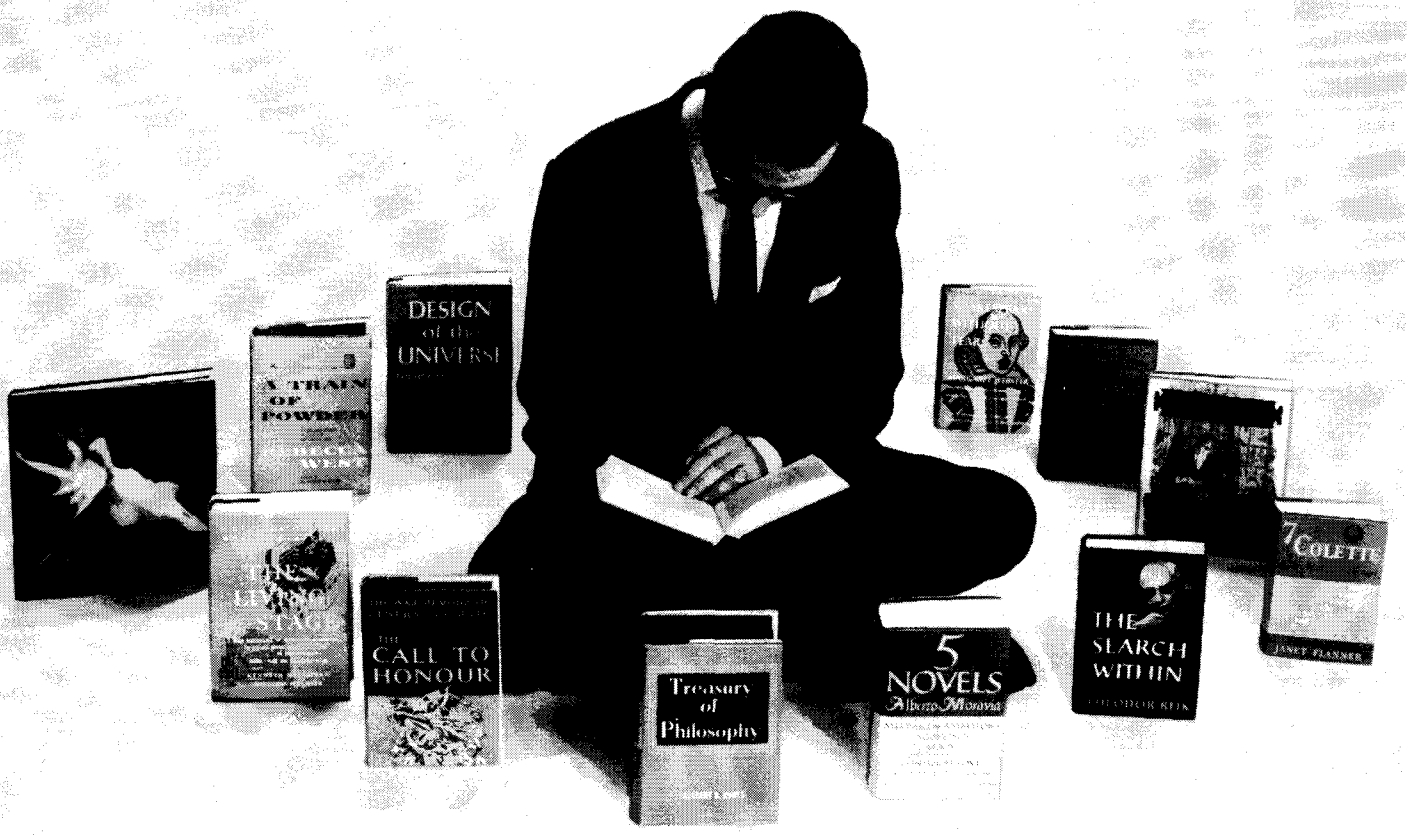

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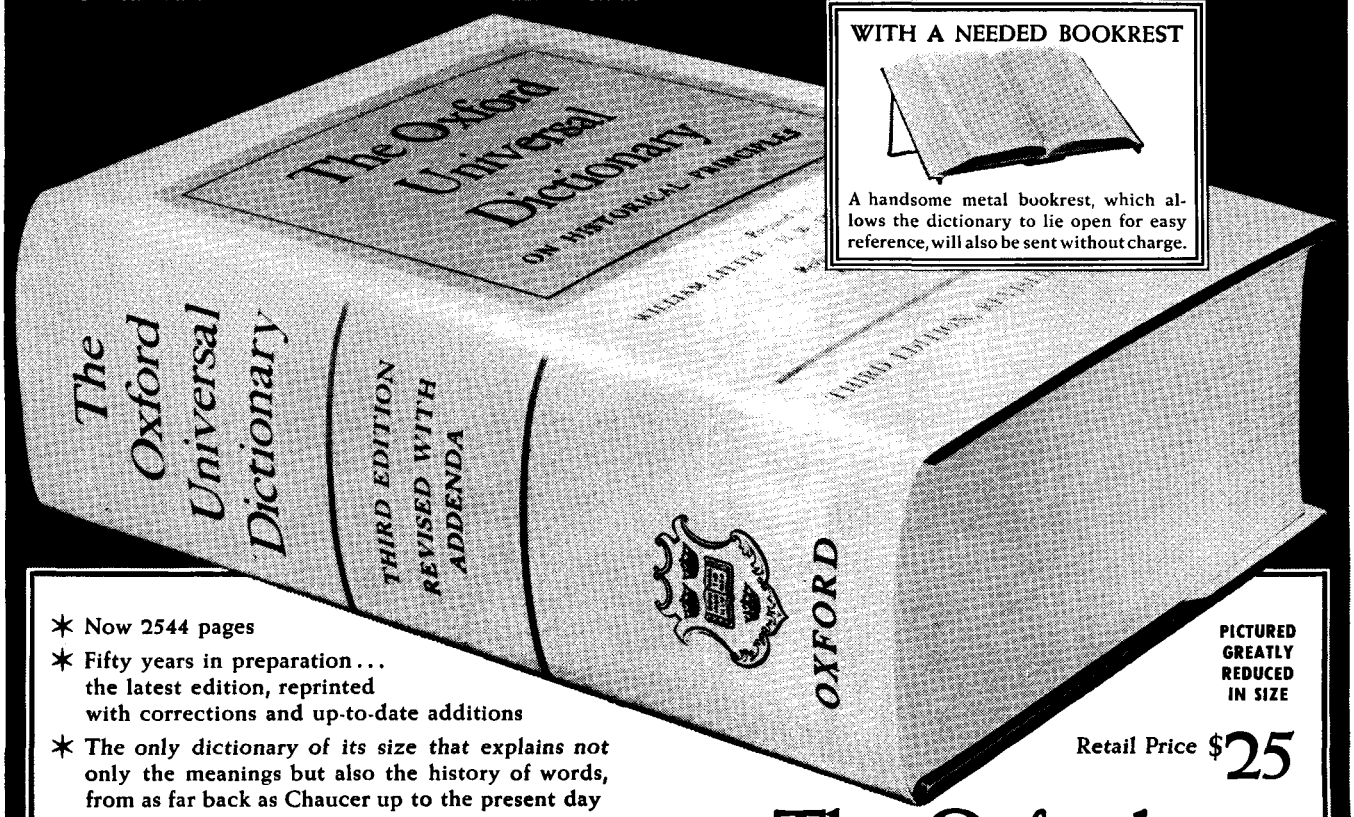

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